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DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
BY EDWIN A. ROCKWELL

IN PASSING a statue in an American city a characteristic comment by a normal citizen is a jest, sometimes sarcastic, often fliprant and occasionally critical. A column is too slender for his fancy, he remarks that it is poking a hole in the sky; a figure in a group is partly turned from the spectator, then the witticism is ventured that it has turned its back on a cold and cruel world. In fact, anything is said that wrenches from the artist's work his intention. But be it remembered that jest is not synonymous with ridicule. To raise a laugh is a national trait. If a typical American wishes to deprecate a work of art he ignores it, or smiles, and turns to something more interesting. He may not appreciate the processes of the sculptor, but with hawklike vision he apprehends the idea struck out, although it is, perhaps, only in his subliminal consciousness that he respects and even reverences the genius that can imprison the figment of a dream. It is in this faculty of imagination that the unsophisticated American embodies the hope and the expectation of steady development in art in America. Already has the morning dawned for sculptural art, and appreciation of it is mainly due to the work of American sculptors. In quality and in number of works, as well as in influence on esthetic culture, no sculptor is more prominent than Daniel Chester French. In the loftiest meaning of the term he is an American. Nobility is, perhaps, the only word that indicates his special message, and nobility is a complex result of sensitiveness, imagination, intellectual acumen and perfect craftsmanship.

Mr. French came from a family of high-thinking, though, perhaps, not plain-living New Englanders—connections of the Websters and Whittiers. His grandfather was a chief justice and his father a judge, and at one time assistant secretary of the treasury.

As a boy Mr. French attended lectures on anatomy given in Boston by Dr. William Rimmer, who influenced him greatly and helped him to lay a good foundation for future progress. Other aid and encouragement were received from Thomas Ball, in whose studio, at Florence, Italy, Mr. French spent a year and a half. Later Mr. French studied from the model in Paris, but in the main this American Greek was practically self taught. While he studied in Europe he was convinced that his was the message of an American to Americans.

In his thirty years of productiveness never has Mr. French been concerned with fluctuating tastes in the plastic art; nevertheless his works are popular through their intrinsic beauty and his power of expression in many and varied themes. He is not one of the primitives, struggling in suffering and sorrow in the effort to show fleeting manifestations of human life and thought. His concept is never amorphous, but with exquisite reserve and self control he kneads his idea until the ideal becomes the real. With precisely the feeling of the old Greeks he suppresses the immaterial, goes to the center of his thought. His constructive imagination does the rest.

Mr. French's early passion was patriotism; in imagination he lived in a gallery of national types that found utterance in his first and possibly only emotional work, *The Minute Man*, at Concord, Mass. While strong, it is no exaggeration of the spirit of the warrior farmer of Revolutionary days. Another of his early works was the Concord, Mass., bust of Emerson, whose features he found so mobile, delicate and sensitive that he despaired of catching the likeness, so he took accurate measurements in Emerson's study. On seeing the completed bust the essayist said: "That is the face that I shave." Already the young sculptor had found how to voice suppressed emotion and yet to deliver his message with the vigor and strength of the subject, a rare achievement in plastic portraiture.

Then followed the ideal statue of John Harvard,

Daniel Chester French

at Harvard University, wherein Mr. French accented Puritanism by leanness of drapery and perhaps too-tight drawing of the lines, but there was demonstrated mastery of poise, calmness and repose.

When Mr. French's statue of General Lewis Cass, of Michigan, now in the Hall of Statuary at Washington, D. C., was modeled, his Americanism was oratorical and emphatic. In Paris, where the statue was made, French critics held that it was not good art to poise the figure with equal weight on the legs, but the sculptor was amused at the criticism, especially when it was intimated that the alleged fault was one of ignorance. In reproducing the sturdy attitude of his subject he was true to the character of the original. In technique the statue was a revelation, with its mellow flesh, crisp and colorful drapery, as well as individuality of expression. Thenceforward Mr. French's American note was pronounced, rich and full; like the organ diapason it is never lacking when occasion offers.

He created fine intellectual and commanding heads in figures for the St. Louis Custom House, the Philadelphia Court House and the Boston Post-office, all involving essential parts of large decorative works. Following were individual statues of Rufus Choate, at the Boston Court House; of Gov. Roger Wolcott and Gen. William F. Bartlett, at the State House in Boston; of Thomas Starr King, in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco; of Gov. John I. Pillsbury, on the grounds of the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, and of Commodore George H. Perkins, in the State House grounds, Concord, N. H.

But probably Mr. French's most popular, because most ringing, notes in patriotism have been struck in his equestrian statues. Working with E. C. Potter, an admirable sculptor, the artists freely exchanged views as to each other's work from conception to execution, Mr. French completing the man and Mr. Potter, the horse. Mr. Potter, by the way, has made several standing statues as well as two equestrian statues and has just finished a statue of Gen. George A. Custer, the hero of the Little Big Horn.

Mr. French's soldiers have martial sentiment. The carriage of Gen. Joseph Hooker in the statue on the State House grounds at Boston is quiet but impressive; that of General Grant, in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, shows calmness and meditation in the soldier as he fixes his gaze on a critical movement on the battlefield. Those of Gen. Charles Devens, at Worcester, Mass., and Wash-

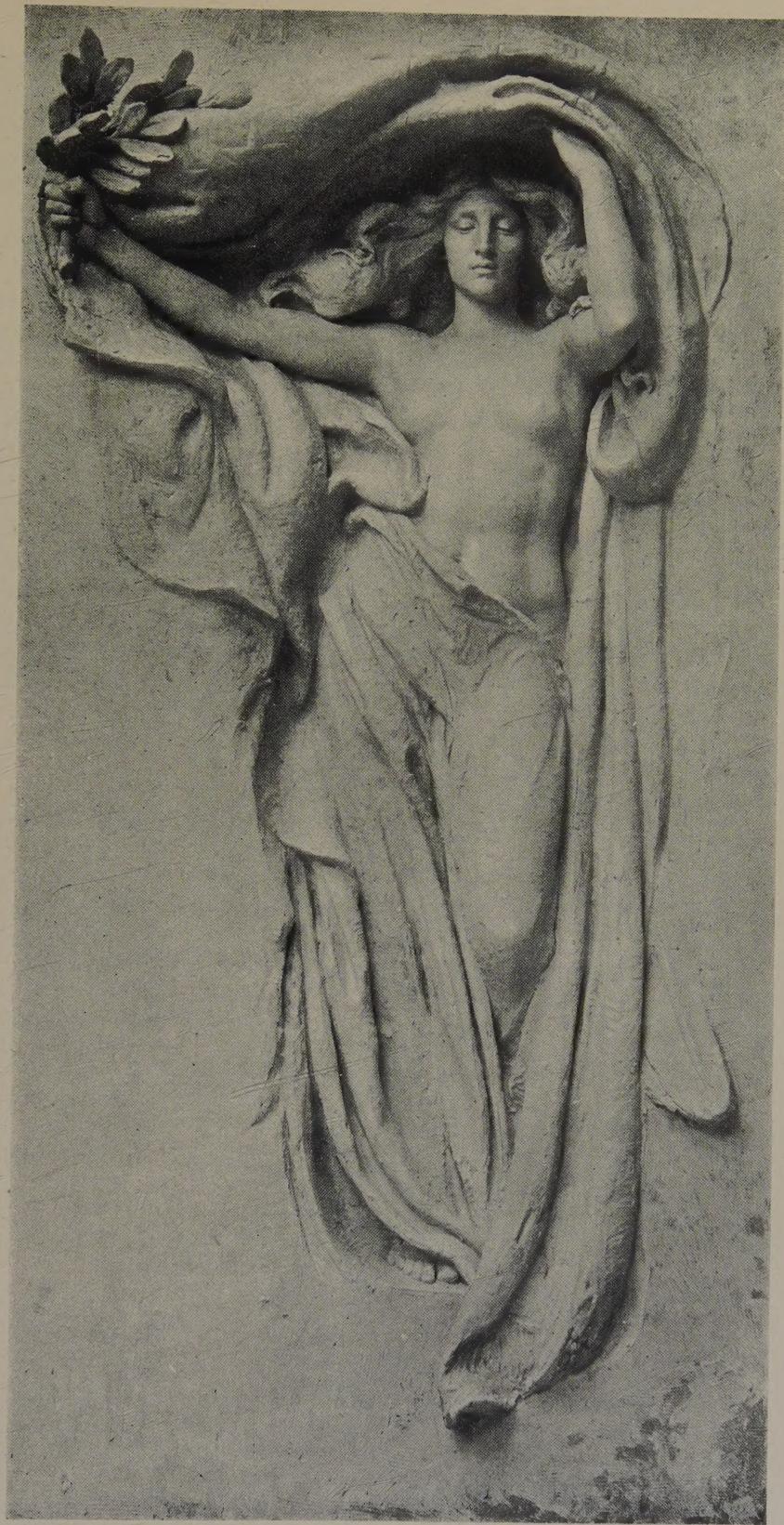
ington, which stands in the Place d'Iena, in Paris, are equally impressive. A replica of this equestrian statue has been erected in Washington Park, Chicago, Ill. The face of the commander shows a glorified expression as he directs his gaze toward heaven in appeal for the justification of his cause when he is about to leave the little band of Americans at Cambridge.

The peaceful flower of Mr. French's love for his country, however, was the gigantic statue, or perhaps monument, *Republic*, at the World's Fair, in Chicago. The long, straight sweep of drapery gave to it archaic severity and enhanced its dignity, and all the lines led to the "stern, sweet face" that, photographed and copied on a smaller scale, still mirrors in many homes the American's loftiest idealization of his country. It marks Mr. French's middle period, when he was most actively a part of the life about him, when his vision grew still wider.

Passing to later work Mr. French's acute and comprehensive mind took a forward step in the groups, *Asia*, *Europe*, *America* and *Africa*, on the new custom house in New York. With their varied groupings they are rich in imagination and suggestion combined with realism. Elemental ideas are enunciated with astonishing originality, considering that the subjects are trite. Avoiding the mystical equally with the commonplace Mr. French strikes a middle path. Only profound skill in arrangement and virility and grace in the modeling of the many figures could evoke works of such dignity and beauty. His earlier experience in decorative work in other cities gave to him power in making the countries, separately typified, essential parts of the building as well as effective in the neighboring perspective.

Always difficult is the solution of the problem of giving unity of effect with diverse materials. In this instance, in the gathering of allegorical figures, the problem was more complex than any he had yet attempted. In the solution of it the breadth, weight and mass were preserved by treating each statute as though it were one block, so that in each one sees and is impressed by the altitude, the mass, the advance and retreat of figure perspective, as well as by graceful curves, from each of the three possible angles of vision.

Nearly twenty years before these unprecedented creations were planned Mr. French indicated his talent for the assembling of figures in his Gallaudet group, now at the Columbian Institute for Deaf Mutes, Washington, D. C. The theme is the pupil's helplessness and the teacher's helpfulness, the result, sympathy as a bond of union; the seated



MELVIN MEMORIAL (1909)
CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS
BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH



ASIA ONE OF THE FOUR GROUPS
ON THE FRONT OF THE CUSTOM HOUSE
NEW YORK CITY
BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH.



EUROPE ONE OF THE FOUR GROUPS
ON THE FRONT OF THE CUSTOM HOUSE
NEW YORK CITY
BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH

Daniel Chester French

instructor smiles tenderly upon the girlish figure at his knee and watches her pleading face as she stretches forth a hand and forms a new letter in the deaf-mute system. One sees nature itself expressed in terms of art, so direct is the appeal to both heart and intellect. Another version of the sculptor's aptitude in expressing educational spirit is *Alma Mater*, a heroic figure that adorns the approach of the Columbia University Library. From her classic, curule chair the cherishing mother extends a winning, personal appeal. The refinement of line subtracts nothing from the luscious amplitude of the creation. Seen from every side grace and dignity reign, with singular purity of technique.

A discerning mind perceives the so-called New England conscience crystallized in these educational marbles; it teaches that our real aim should be to inculcate and practice the right and yet be tender, to be self renunciatory for the present in order that we may attain to a higher well being hereafter and even cultivate Herbert Spencer's somewhat cynical "enlightened self interest." It teaches the sacrifice of the strong for the weak.

Eminent for this spirit is one of Mr. French's marbles recently placed in the chapel of Wellesley College as a memorial to Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, a former president of the institution. In high relief the figure of a woman in scholar's gown—not, by the way, a likeness of Mrs. Palmer—stands in an attitude of guiding, inspiring and caressing a fair young girl. In the spirit of the ancient Greeks, there is suggested in an altar flame the eternal spirit of truth, and at this flame the young student has lighted her torch, while her earnest gaze is hopefully directed to the higher life beyond. Grace, strength and balance are gained by the teacher extending a hand in pointing the way to the pupil, while a guiding hand rests on the girl's shoulder.

In the same calm spirit and with the same sure touch have been created other works of a purely ideal character, such as *Justice, Knowledge and Force*, at the court house of the New York Appellate Division of the Supreme Court; the heroic statues, *Greek Religion*, personified in Minerva, and *Greek Lyric Poetry*, soon to be placed with others on the façade of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. The Richard M. Hunt memorial, on Fifth Avenue, near Seventieth Street, New York City, with the virile portrait of the architect and, on either side in bronze, *Painting, Sculpture* and *Architecture*, as incidental details, and the portrait statue of De Witt Clinton in the new Chamber of

Commerce in New York City are other noteworthy examples of Mr. French's work.

But why add to the list? Mr. French's works adorn cities from New York to California.

The sculptor who was to be distinguished for noble, tender and poetic achievement did not early display these qualities. One of his first efforts was a low bas-relief, the recollection of which now makes him smile, for low relief is one of the most difficult means of sculptural expression, requiring roundness in effect though not in fact, besides composition with foreshortening in both figure and drapery reduced to the ethereal.

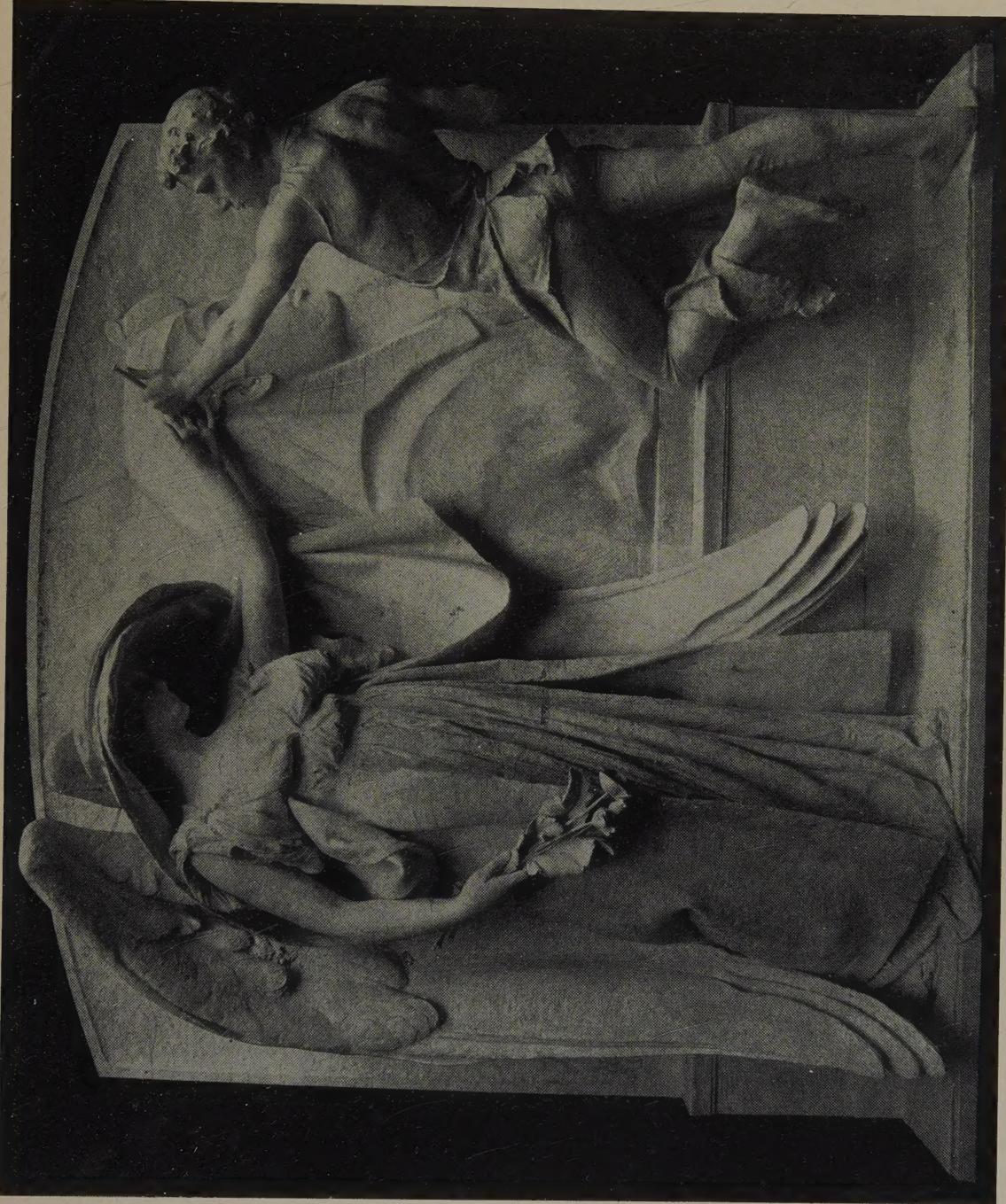
In the fulness of his mature powers he finds in bas-relief the finest mode for his thought. This was seen long ago at the Columbian Exposition when *The Angel of Death and the Young Sculptor* elicited the enthusiastic admiration of thousands of persons. This is now the Martin Milmore memorial in the Forest Hills Cemetery, Boston.

Arrested action speaks in the figure of the young artisan, stricken to eternal silence by the outstretched hand of a mysterious winged figure at his side. Be it angel or be it Death, it appears as bringing peace and rest. Mr. French has preached a tender sermon on the immortality of the soul. There is no pagan doubt or questioning in a futile outlook across the Styx. With fixed and unflinching vision the artist gazes into the unseen world, present or hereafter, in no tremor of fear and with no sinking in despair. This mysterious messenger stands for love eternal, for Him who "shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." It must be added that there is a technical triumph in the economy of effort in the angel's wings, in the simplified and ethereal blending of the forms and in the overshadowing mass of drapery that lends added solemnity. A similar chaste and tender spirit breathes in the Melvin memorial at Concord, Mass., and in the more elaborate John Boyle O'Reilly memorial in the Back Bay Fens, Boston. It is in the spiritual world that Mr. French finds his verities, his tenderness and strength and poetry, passion purged of its dross, transient existence passing on to and swallowed up in eternity.

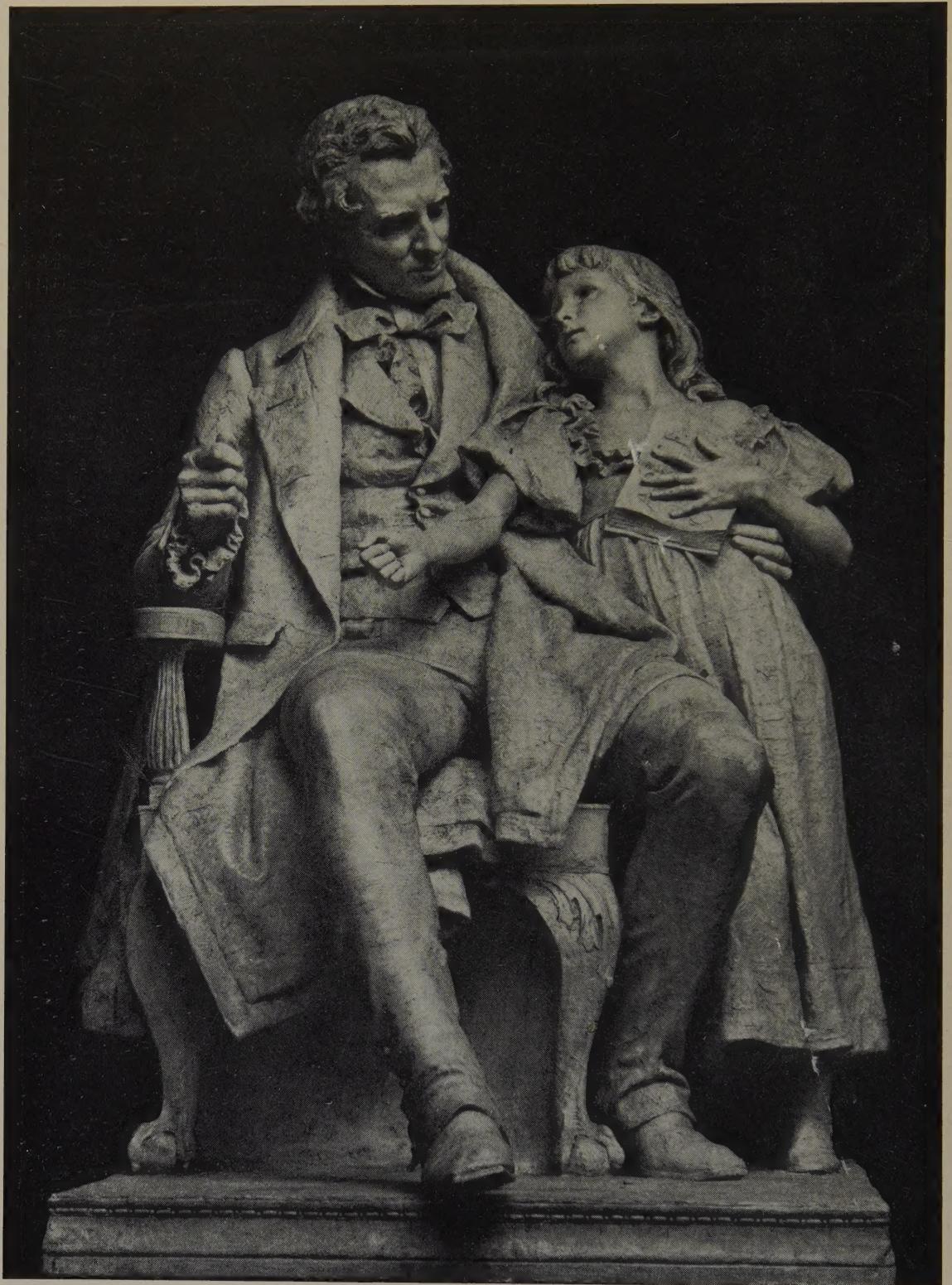
Honors and offices are his, but that which doubtless lies closest to his heart is the gratification of living to see a higher appreciation of sculpture in America and the feeling that none more than he has helped to bring it about.

E. A. R.

"No FIGURE will be admirable if the gesture which expresses the passion of the soul is not visible in it."—*Leonardo da Vinci*.



ANGEL OF DEATH AND THE SCULPTOR
MILMORE MEMORIAL
FOREST HILLS, BOSTON
BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH



GALLAUDET AND HIS FIRST DEAF-MUTE PUPIL
COLLEGE FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB
WASHINGTON, D. C.
BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH

Walter W. Russell

THE PAINTINGS OF WALTER W. RUSSELL. BY C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

READERS of THE STUDIO lately have had opportunity to make out something as to the nature and development of Wilson Steer's and Mr. Henry Tonks' art. It seems but the ordered sequence that a similar opportunity should follow as regards their colleague at the Slade School, their fellow-member of the New English Art Club, Mr. Walter Russell. Fifteen years it must be since he took up at the Slade, about two years later than Mr. Tonks, his post as assistant Professor of Drawing. Nor was he unheralded, seeing that with Mr. Tonks he had been a student at Westminster School of Art under Professor Brown, and that in that capacity he had impressed his fellow-pupil as a draughtsman of unusual mark.

To the School at Westminster Mr. Russell had gone on, it is legitimate to fancy, as to a *pis aller*. Or it may have been in the spirit of retaliation.

At any rate, he reached there, still smarting from his rejection, "on probation," from the Royal Academy Schools. By now, of course, it has become a sort of joke, the number and the quality of conspicuous artists whom this institution could not stomach, even as it is a perpetual mystery whither vanish the prize-winners of its competitions. But, then, for a brief attendance in the evening classes at South Kensington, Westminster was the first and last school in which Mr. Russell sat. From it he emerged with a remarkably fluent style of drawing and a conspicuous mastery of form. It may well be, I think, that he there had a direct influence upon his fellow-student, Tonks, who, fresh from the hospital, had arrived later. Leaving Westminster in 1891 or so, Russell had no trouble in getting illustrative work, and until he became in 1895, at the age of 27, drawing master at the Slade and a member of the New English Art Club, his training for his future development as a painter chiefly had been in line. Turning over the drawings of that period one is impressed by



"THE MIRROR" (1902)

(In the possession of Charles H. Moore, Esq.)

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BY WALTER W. RUSSELL

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the caligraphy, the easy line in which they are drawn, their apparently effortless directness and the wide range of curiosity they reveal : interiors of queer rooms, of circuses ; landscapes, building operations, scaffoldings and cranes, and numerous studies from the nude, and from the life in the streets about him.

In 1893 he had his first exhibit hung by the New English Art Club, of which in 1895 he was made member. As an oil painter his development has been consistent, his evolution ordered. Of his earlier manner, that of the mid nineties, a marked trait was the influence of his habitude to pencil work on his handling of the brush. In his portraits especially was employed a delicate, almost caressing, treatment of the modelling, much as fine pencil lines run sensitively over form. It was this particular research for drawing that fitted his brush to break out later into its expressive freedom. For his arrangement of the tone scheme of his

earlier days we would look to pictures of the type of *Children in the Barn* (1896). Therein we find the disposition of the light and shade that characterized his paintings of interiors up to *The Mirror* of 1902, and the charming *Prints* of 1903. In brief, this arrangement was one of concentrated light, as opposed to the diffusion of his present latest period. On to the children lying in the dim twilight of the great barn ; on to the girl who pensively, almost absently, surveys her pleasant image in the glass ; or the girl who with the same gentle wistfulness looks up from her idle occupation with the prints, the light carefully focussed, and the shadows, subtly gradated, frame it in. Characteristic also of those earlier pictures and of a Sussex series of children out of doors, is their gentle charm, a kind of romantic quality well becoming the mysterious atmosphere that fills the corners of the pictures, and the pleasant refinement of their colour schemes. The colour plate of



"CAFÉ-BILLARD" (1906)

BY WALTER W. RUSSELL



"THE TOP OF THE HILL" (1907)
BY WALTER W. RUSSELL

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Prints sufficiently describes that harmony of pale gold and silver, and the distinguished note of taste that brought off the staccato touch of emerald green. *The Mirror* is composed of a richly sensitive arrangement of silver and golden delicate greens in the girl's bodice and the brocade of the settee; a gamut of black and silver in the hat and skirt; and a tactful touch of scarlet in the candle shade: all are fused harmoniously by the atmosphere and the fine quality of the grey wall. In these pictures, in the fragile quality of rose and blue in the *Children in the Barn*, and in the reticent wealth of colour that pervades the portrait of *Charles Moore, Esq.* (1902), to whom I owe much for facilities of study and for the reproductions here, we have that instinctive taste, that feeling for grey and that unfailing reiteration which are the property of fine colourists.

That portrait brings me to this branch of Mr. Russell's practice. It may be said to be one of the first, as it is of the most successful, of those

small portraits of people set about with *objets d'art* that the "New English" painters have made so fashionable. Of men Mr. Russell has painted few pictures, the best of which is *N. Hardy, Esq.*, a life-size piece of considerable penetrative sympathy. Of women, on the other hand, or at least of one woman, he has given us many delightful versions. Peculiarly lucky in his subject, he has been able to paint from this lady a continuous series, in which, starting from the *Lady in Black* of 1900, we can trace the development of his manner of painting. In that year first, I think, he became interested in a more ordered use of pigment, caring to preserve and make distinctly valuable transparency in the shadows in opposition to the more solid painting of the lights. He adhered, in figure subjects and in portraits, to this method (which, after all, seems capable of the best results) as late certainly as 1907, maintaining it while his tone key and his colour scheme were lightening. In his latest phase,



"THE BRIDGE, BARNARD CASTLE" (1904)

(In the possession of Charles H. Moore, Esq.)

BY WALTER W. RUSSELL

Walter W. Russell



"THE RAINBOW" (1910)

BY WALTER W. RUSSELL

which admirably was represented in the Goupil Gallery Exhibition by pictures such as *By the Window* and *Girl on a Sofa*, driving his pitch yet higher, and curious for problems of refraction in the shadows, he has abandoned the transparent for the opaque use of pigment. We will not attempt to strike a balance between the sacrifices entailed by and the advantages of the latter method.

Hitherto we have been considering the genre and portraiture of Mr. Russell. Let us revert to his earlier period and the steady growth of his landscape side, which has so finely culminated in his work of 1910. Looking back, we see that in 1897 he went through a phase to which he did not recur for something like ten years—a phase of singularly high pitch. Working down at Southwold in that year, he turned out beach pieces that in a way remind one of Wilson Steer's similar subjects of some years earlier. Russell, however, did not achieve, indeed did not attempt, the brilliant slightness and shimmering colour of the older artist's impressionist period. The next few years kept Russell mainly occupied, as far as landscape went, with subjects in

which trees played the principal character. It is interesting, on reviewing the harvest of those years, to mark by what steps he rose from a somewhat petty treatment and too imitative standpoint to the grasp he ultimately reached of the essential qualities of trees: their decorative massing, their significant structure, the value of their silhouettes and spaces, rather than the sharpness of their greens, and the fussiness of innumerable leaves. In those years he painted the series of village *fêtes champêtres* I have alluded to, in which, under the green silvery shade and in contrast with the golden brilliance of sun-flooded foliage, children in cool white picnic or laze away the enchanted hours of childhood's summers. Those subjects that a popular painter had sugared and creamed with sentimental prettiness, Mr. Russell saw with a draughtsman's and colourist's single-mindedness, delighting in the play of colour and the decorative possibilities afforded. The quiet and charming refinement of the children is, as one might say, a by-product, unconsciously produced.

Walter W. Russell

From themes such as these tree subjects, which reached their highest accomplishment in his work of some three years ago, he turned in 1901 to the larger question of limitless expanse. Indeed, he may be said to have discovered then, at Chepstow, a new theme, a fresh *motif*, that since has given him and Wilson Steer the opportunities they so adequately seized. I refer to those distances of opalescent silvery blues into which, through golden sands, a river vanishes. Treating these distances, at Chepstow, in the Wye Valley, or at Poole, these two artists have contributed to art an interpretation of wonderful and novel beauty. From this Chepstow visit, near enough, dates the expansion of Mr. Russell's technical devices. Hitherto he had attacked landscape with no especial manipulation of his tools. Nor then did he at once attain the variety of handling he now uses. But gradually, and in ordered process, struck, I daresay, by the inadequacy of the closer flatter method to render the iridescence and variety of atmosphere he sought, he brought in a richer,

looser style of painting, using the palette knife and loading like jewels the pigment. The result, in the last two years, has been conspicuous, even as his picture of the *Bridge, Barnard Castle*, in 1904, was something of a revelation. It yet remains one of its painter's most beautiful works. As a sky-painting, indeed, it seems to me to surpass his more recent things. The originality and purity of the colour scheme, and the refinement of the painting, which has in the sky a quality of Corot-like *transparence* and air, place the picture high up in contemporary landscape.

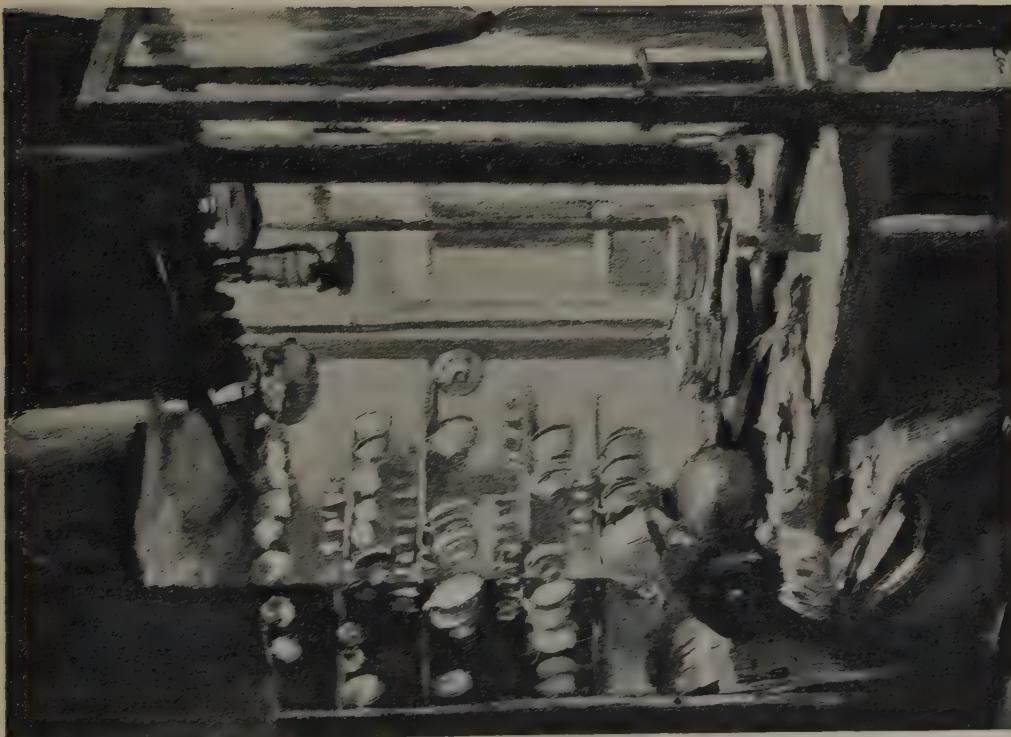
The last phase of Mr. Russell's landscape, which is curiously dual in nature, is so well known as to render description officious. The exhibition in April represented his rather prosaic and literal Littlehampton subjects, and the sonorous grandeur of his *Rainbow* and *Poole Harbour*. In them he revealed a depth of lyric sentiment we had not long suspected in him. In them he displayed not only his true sense of colour, his skill as a draughtsman, the charm and refinement of his,



"CARTING SAND" (1910)



"THE TOILET" (1900) BY WALTER W. RUSSELL
(*In the possession of Charles H. Moore, Esq.*)



"LA CUISINE" (1906) BY WALTER W. RUSSELL
(*In the possession of Charles H. Moore, Esq.*)

American Paintings in Germany

vision, but also the solemn inspiration and the profound poetry of his conception of and communion with Nature's grandeur.

Thus then, so far, has been Mr. Russell's achievement. From the gently romantic charm of his earlier figure subjects lately he has reached an objective and detached curiosity in phenomena of light and colour. From the comparatively restricted subjects of his earlier landscape he has come to a beautiful expression of Nature's moods and immeasurable expanse. Nor is this the sum. In 1904, with *The Queen's Arms, Chelsea*, he began a series of interiors, of which *Café-Billard* is one. This series was as individually Russell as anything he has done; its best was *The Barber's Shop* of 1905. Then we must record that spirited picture of *The Market Place, Coutances*, with its glinting sun flecks and its busy crowd. In addition there are his water colours, largely and decoratively brushed in, with a swift comprehension of essentials and a singular purity of colour; and lastly, what are, I think, less known, his admirable and rare etchings. Eminently fitted for this medium, it is to be hoped he will engage in it more liberally.

C. H. C. B.

The Committee appointed by the Emperor Nicholas to carry out the scheme for a monument to the Emperor Alexander II. in St. Petersburg has issued the programme of a competition, open to artists of all countries, for the erection of this monument on a site opposite the Alexander III. Museum. The monument is to consist of a bronze statue of the Emperor on a stone pedestal. The Emperor may be represented either on foot or on horseback, but the figure of the monarch is to be $4\frac{1}{2}$ mètres in height. On or around the pedestal may be grouped figures of contemporary personages, allegorical figures, etc.; and the entire monument may, if thought necessary, have an architectural setting. Five prizes, ranging from 5,000 to 1,000 roubles, are offered. Artists desiring to compete may obtain full information, portraits of the Emperor, plans, etc., on application to the Comité de l'Erection du Monument à l'Empereur Alexandre II., Ministère de l'Intérieur, St. Petersburg.

AMERICAN PAINTINGS IN GERMANY. BY C. LEWIS HIND.

A EARLY in 1909 Mr. Hugo Reisinger collected a number of representative pictures by German artists, shipped them to New York, and exhibited them at the Metropolitan Museum under official patronage. In the spring of 1910, this public-spirited connoisseur collected a number of representative pictures by American artists, shipped them to Germany, and exhibited them in Berlin and Munich under official patronage.

Those who are familiar with American painting, although, of course, delighted to see so many good pictures well hung in the fine rooms of the Berlin Academy, did not find any particular novelty in the exhibition. I was present at the opening, and I confess that one of my interests was in learning what the German critics and public thought of the work of the foremost American painters. Some



"MOTHER AND CHILD"

BY WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT



"A COSY CORNER."
BY IRVING R. WILES.

American Paintings in Germany

of the pictures they had seen before, as many eminent American artists are cosmopolitan; they have been trained in Europe, they live in Europe, and they exhibit in Europe.

America being a young nation, and much of her energy and talent being devoted to building up the nation, it follows as a racial law that her art should not be as characteristic of the soil as the art of an older nation. It takes time to develop a national school. The recent art developments in Germany are febrile, not racial. A few years ago Germany was as academic in art matters as the Kaiser could desire. But latterly a wave of revolt has spread over Germany, France, Austria, and the Northern nations. Neo-impressionism is rampant in Berlin and Munich, and the line of demarcation between the two schools, the soberly old and the violently and violetly new, is so marked that one must belong to one or the other faction. England and America have kept cool. The Anglo-Saxon is suspicious of new movements in art. To him they seem almost "bad form."

In the course of my sojourn in Berlin I addressed a few leading questions to certain people of importance as to modern art in Berlin. One gentleman, an eminent official in the art world who is antipathetic to Neo-impressionism, remarked briefly, "Art in Berlin has been spoilt by Cézanne." Another, when I asked him point blank what he thought of the new movement, answered — "Berlin art has been wrecked by Liebermann, Meier Graefe, and the dealer Cassirer." Well, having read Meier Graefe's book on Modern Art, wherein he hails Van Gogh as the greatest force since the old masters, and Cézanne as an austere Master; and having visited Cassirer's Gallery to gaze with ever-widening eyes at the work of such advanced spirits as Breyer, Herstein, Klein-Diebold, Linde-Walther, Nägele, Rhein,

Ruetz, Slevogt, and Westendorp; and having made a study of the paintings of Henri Matisse in Paris, and the other bright intelligences of the Salon des Indépendents, who have spoilt or wrecked or vitalised German art (which you will?), I was quite in the mood to be interested in what Berlin thought of the representative collection of American paintings.

The surprise of the advanced German critics at the unenterprising character of American painting did not surprise me. Nothing that they could say could change my opinion of its sound Paris-trained craftsmanship and sensible respect for tradition. The new frenzied movement in art has not influenced America any more than it has influenced England, and even when its spirit has breathed upon an Englishman, as in the case of Mr. Augustus John, he has remained British and fairly cool. The advanced German critics and artists, when they found that the new movement in art had not "vitalised" America, were courteous and



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL"

BY WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT

American Paintings in Germany

commendatory to the pictures displayed before their eyes. Perhaps their chief disappointment was that so few of the pictures were characteristic of America. I believe in their hearts they wanted buffaloes and Indians and Mormon households. A German painter, who stood by my side on the opening day, pointed towards Homer Martin's *Landscape on the Seine*, and repeated to himself, "Landscape on the Seine! Landscape on the Seine!" Then he turned to an American who stood near, and asked: "Who is your chief American landscape painter?" The American, much to my surprise, answered "J. Alden Weir." We sought a J. Alden Weir landscape. The German said, "Yes, personal, 'bully' in colour, decorative, refined, but is it characteristic of America?" He shook his head. He wanted racial painting, something characteristic of the soil, something typically transatlantic. A hundred years hence no doubt that is what Germany will find in American painting if a representative collection be then taken to Berlin. As most

Americans have been trained in Paris, it is obvious that their technique, vision and accomplishment are the normal technique, vision and accomplishment of the Paris salons. Read the brief biography of J. Alden Weir given in the catalogue; it is fairly typical. "Born 1852 at West Point, New York. Studied under his father, Professor Robert W. Weir, and later under Gérôme in Paris. Medal: Paris, 1889; Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, 1897; Buffalo, 1901. Member of the Ten American Painters and of the National Academy of Design, New York." In an interview Dr. Bode, who is entirely out of sympathy with the "new" movement in German art, said: "In everything pertaining to picturesqueness or technique, American artists are most excellent, but they have not yet succeeded in emancipating themselves from European ideas in general. Time will change all that. America is sure to develop a national art of its own within the next generation."

The most patriotic American can hardly disagree with Dr. Bode, although he may think, as I think,



"NOVEMBER"



(Copyright, Pennsylvania Academy
of Fine Arts, Philadelphia)

"LADY WITH A WHITE SHAWL"
BY WILLIAM MERRITT CHASE

American Paintings in Germany

that a generation seems rather a short time. Let us examine a few of the pictures and see if we can detect in them signs of the development of a national American art.

We may dismiss Mr. Sargent at once. He is cosmopolitan, world-famous, and the only characteristic about the two portraits he exhibited is that nobody else but himself could have painted them. And the same may be said of Whistler, who had the honour of a room to himself containing a selection of his smaller pictures and etchings. Only a Chinese or Japanese artist could have excelled Whistler in his Oriental incursions. And Joseph Pennell, although he draws American scenes when they are picturesque and when they jump to his "seeing" eye, finds his subjects anywhere in any city of the world. One of the attractions of the exhibition was his room of mezzotints, etc.

Assuredly there are no hints of a national American art in that sound and accomplished painter, Gari Melchers, who was represented by his vivid portrait of Ex-President Roosevelt, by a frank and beautiful *Mudonna*, and by an intimate *Mother and Child*. Melchers was born in Detroit, Michigan, but he studied under Gebhardt at Düsseldorf, and under Boulanger, Lefebvre, and at the École des Beaux Arts. His pictures are "at home" in prominent places on the line in the galleries of Europe. Neither is the *Lady with a White Shawl*, by W. M. Chase, a fine, simple and distinguished portrait, in any way characteristically American except in the type. Chase studied under Wagner and Piloty, and this grave figure reminds one, if of anything, of Carolus Duran's *La Dame au Gant* in the Luxembourg; nor is there anything American about William Morris Hunt's *Mother and Child* and *Portrait of a Young Girl*. They have the old-

fashioned look, redeemed by sincerity, which gives to a work of art the lasting quality.

Hunt, who died in 1879, studied at Düsseldorf, and worked with Millet at Barbizon. That is a little immortality in itself. The sensitive interiors by Edmund C. Tarbell, *A Girl Reading* and *A Lady Sewing*, might have been painted in any country, and so might the accomplished paintings of Irving R. Wiles. His *Cosy Corner* is as smart as any Salon picture. I might run through a score of pictures and find the same answer. The austerity of La Farge's *Nicodemus*; the sincerity of De Forest Brush's *Mother and Child*; the forthright characterisation of Danna's *In a Sacristy*; the grace of Alexander's study of a woman called *Sunbeams*; McLure Hamilton's inimitable portrait of Gladstone; Harrison's sea-piece; Rider's *Death on a Pale Horse*, something between Daumier and Blake; Mark Fisher's glittering landscapes. Good pictures all, and all cosmopolitan.

Perhaps one can see glimmerings of what might



"GIRL READING"

(Museum of Fine Arts, Boston)

BY EDMUND C. TARBELL



"THE YELLOW ROOM."
BY FLORENCE K. UPTON.

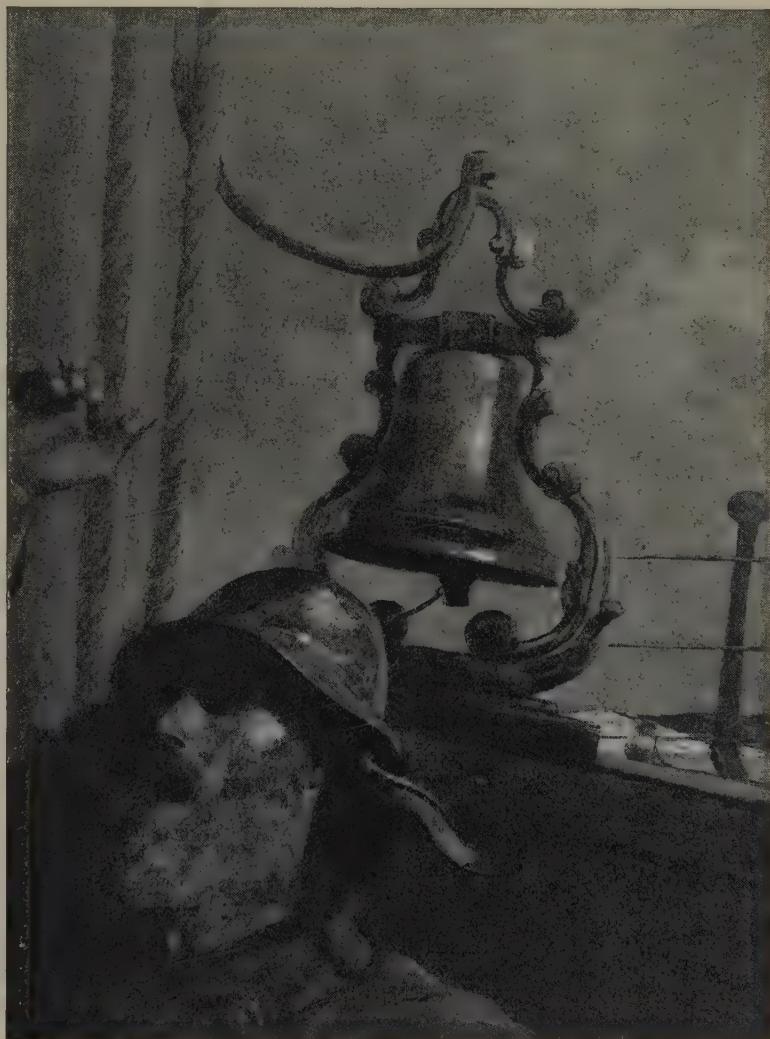
American Paintings in Germany

'have developed into a national American art in George Inness's spacious, old-fashioned landscapes, sincere and pedestrian, but lacking the vitality and the freshness of vision to form a school. Inness died in 1894, and it is strange to find him described in Mr. Caffin's book on American painting as "a path finder whose originality and fiery zeal for nature blazed a new trail that has led on to the present notable expansion of American landscape painting." His landscapes seem to me to be as dead as those of the Hudson River School, or as the buffalo pictures of Bierstadt. Nor do the landscapes of Alexander Wyant, a pupil of Inness, although he painted the American land, show signs of a national art. Indeed one of Wyant's best pictures is an Irish scene. Nor is the charming work of Cecilia Beaux and Mary Cassatt in any way American, nor the cool interiors of Water Gay, nor the figures in Benson's bright pictures. Certainly there is nothing American, I imagine, about the *Absinthe Drinkers* of Millar. Miss Florence Upton's *Yellow Room* is what it looks—the work of an artist highly trained in Europe who has been inspired by the light, colour and simplicity of a Dutch interior.

The talent of John Henry Twachtman, whose delicate, dainty landscapes were among the attractions of the collection, was too personal ever to found a school. It is one of the curiosities of art that a young and vigorous nation like America should run into such fragile and dainty ways of portraying nature. Dwight W. Tryon sees nature even more evanescently than Corot, but he has not the virility that always informed Corot's dream. Childe Hassam's *Old Church in Lyme* depicts an American scene, but the technique

of this exquisitely realised vision is French; and the interiors of Thomas Dewing, with their beauty of empty spaces, although the models are American, betray his Paris training. There is nothing American about Leon Dabo except the fact that he finds his crepuscular effects on the Hudson River.

No wonder Dr. Bode was disappointed. He hoped to see "canvases depicting the throbbing life of New York Harbour or that of San Francisco, the maelstrom of the hustle and bustle of your great cities, forests of smoke-stacks telling of your mighty industrial developments." And he found—what shall I say? The virile cosmopolitanism of Melchers, the tender femininity of Twachtman, the girls of Benson, the pretty mondaines of Dewing, and a Hudson River looking as sentimental as the Rhine.



"ALL'S WELL"

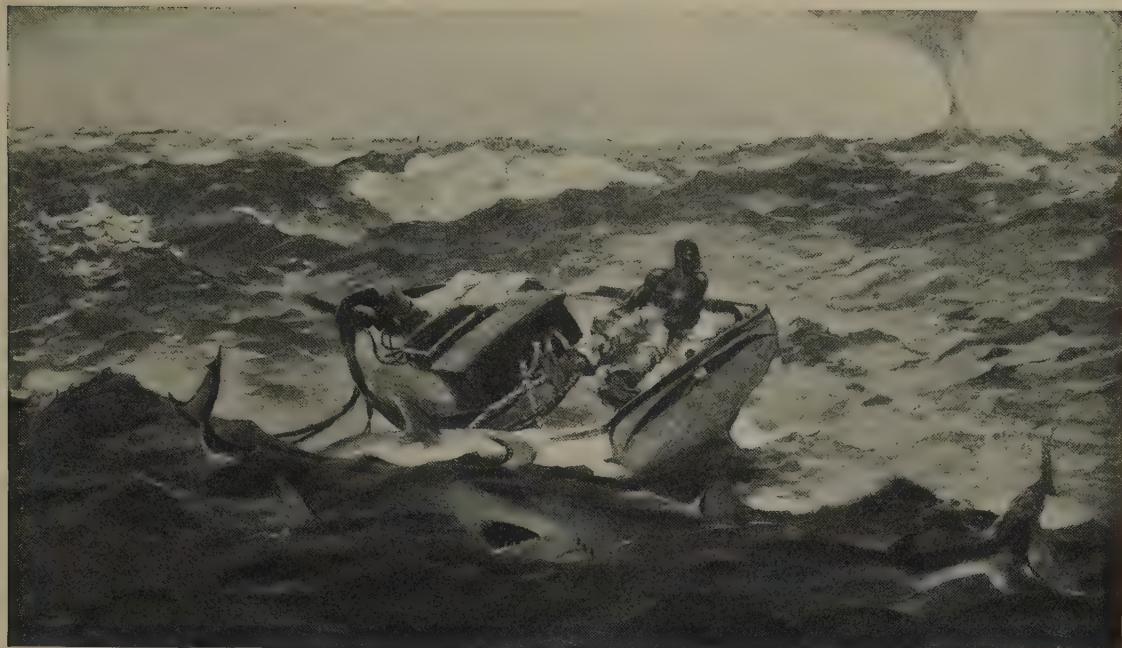
(Museum of Fine Arts, Boston)

BY WINSLOW HOMER



"BROADWAY, NEW YORK"
BY COLIN CAMPBELL COOPER

American Paintings in Germany



"THE CASTAWAY"

BY WINSLOW HOMER

I think that a national American art will have to be something subtler than hustle and bustle and smoke-stacks. A national art is not an illustration of scenes; it should be an interpretation of the spirit of place, an evocation of the time. If we try to think what we mean by a national art we fall back upon concrete examples, and recall the relation of Titian and Giorgione to Venice, of the primitives to Germany, of Velasquez to Spain, of Reynolds and Constable to England. Yet that is only to say that certain dominant personalities impress themselves on their age, and that lesser men follow them, and so perpetuate schools. A national art was never built up by illustration of national scenes. Hogarth made fiercely characteristic satires of his time; but his paintings, which were the better part of him, were no more characteristic of England than of any other country. They were just Hogarth. No doubt Dr. Bode looked with approval on Colin Campbell Cooper's picture of *Broadway, New York*. It is a *tour de force*, and a vivid illustration of the sky-scraper region. It is a thing seen, not the evocation of the spirit of place. The same may be said of Henry Farny's Indian pictures. They are illustrations.

What remains? Can we find in this exhibition any signs of a national American art. My answer is Winslow Homer. He did not study in Europe. "Born in 1836 in Boston, Massachusetts; Pupil

of the National Academy of Design and of F. Rondel, New York." This old master, who is still with us—for it is as a master that I always regard Winslow Homer—lives, I believe, in retirement on the coast of Maine. I read that in daily companionship with the ocean he has led for many years a solitary life upon a spit of coast near Scarborough. Goethe says somewhere that talent is nurtured in a crowd, genius in solitude. And I think it must be the solitude in which Winslow Homer has lived, surrounded by the elemental forces of nature, that has produced in his big, comprehensive work something that seems to me entirely personal and entirely American. No one who has studied his pictures can doubt that they are characteristically, spiritually as well as physically, American, and that they could have been painted nowhere but in America. His finest picture, *Cannon Rock*, is in the Metropolitan Museum, New York; but this exhibition included his powerful and realistic *Gulf Stream* (also called *The Castaway*), as vigorous in colour as in design, a result of his visit to the West Indies; his marine, with the massive timbers of a wreck in the foreground, and his strong and simple "Look-out man" sending his cry of *All's well* through the night. Something of Winslow Homer's force I find in the work of George Bellows, in his *Bridge* arching the indigo water, rough, frank, original, true, a large sketch, a quick impression that has been left as seen, not worried

Drawings from an Indian Cotton-Printer's Pattern Book

into an exhibition picture. I find, too, something elementally American in Rockwell Kent's *Evening on the Coast of Maine*, the blue-white snow rightly seen, the whole picture a big, simple statement. And also in the forceful sea-pieces of Paul Dougherty.

Among the American landscape painters there is a small group who are producing interpretations of American scenery with a lyrical note that is very attractive and, I should say, quite racial. I could almost have wished that a representative collection of these American lyrical landscapes, that in the hands of the best men become almost epic, could have been hung in one room in Berlin and Munich. They would have produced a strong effect. Examples could have been chosen from the work of Redfield, Metcalf, Schofield, Lawson, Vonnah, and Groll. These landscapes are typically American. As the force and grandeur of American scenery have inspired the work of Winslow Homer, so the large simplicity and beauty of the more sylvan scenes of American life have passed into the landscapes of this lyrical school of American landscape painters. Is it to them that we must look for a national art? It has already developed in architecture, but American wall paintings, with a few exceptions, are as much under the influence of Europe as the easel pictures.

Many years have passed since Emerson wrote: "Our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands draws to a close." The "close" has not been reached yet, and it may take longer than the generation prophesied by Dr. Bode. Probably it will never come until the best of the American painters find it more to their profit and pleasure to remain at home than to take up their abodes in London or Paris.

The appointment of a successor to Mr. Charles J. Holmes in the Slade Chair of Fine Art at Oxford, which he vacated earlier in the year on being appointed Director of the National Portrait Gallery in London, was made at the end of June, the choice of the electors falling on the Rev. Selwyn Image, M.A., of New College, who was a student at the University when Ruskin occupied the Slade Chair as the first professor. The foundation dates from the year 1869, and besides Mr. Ruskin, who held the chair for two separate periods, and Mr. Holmes, it has been occupied by Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A., Sir Hubert von Herkomer, R.A., and Mr. H. B. Wooldridge. The new professor was Master of the Art Workers' Guild in 1900.

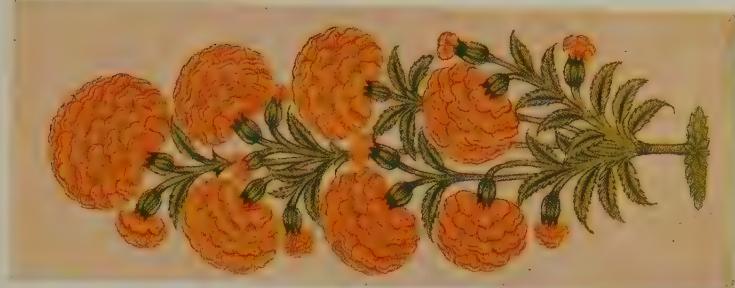
P LANT DRAWINGS FROM AN INDIAN COTTON-PRINTER'S PATTERN BOOK.

OUR English cotton trade was originally based on imitations of Indian fabrics, the importation of which was so alarmingly large that in the last year of the 17th century they were excluded by Act of Parliament. Since that time mechanical, chemical and electric science have surpassed oriental handiwork in technical perfection and facility of wholesale production. The element of design, however—Independent alike of mechanics and chemistry—is, from the point of view of this

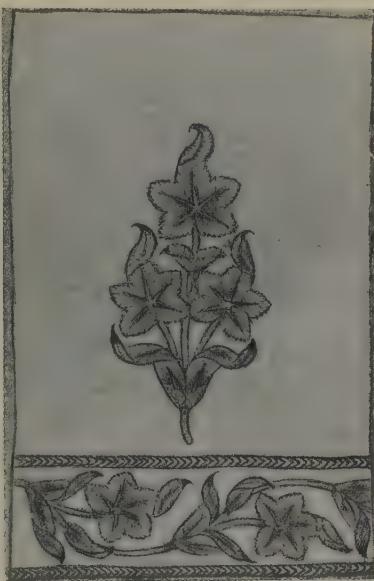


MONOCHROME DRAWINGS ON MUSLIN

PLANT DRAWINGS FROM AN INDIAN
COTTON PRINTER'S PATTERN-BOOK.



Drawings from an Indian Cotton-Printer's Pattern Book



COLOURED DRAWINGS ON MUSLIN

magazine, of no less vital importance. So its readers may find the reproductions here given of

that the skill shown in the designs reproduced in colour is capable of a wider range of subject,



MONOCHROME DRAWINGS ON MUSLIN

the work of an Indian *nugqâsh* or designer, dating probably from the middle of the 18th century, of some interest, for if not of very great artistic importance, they are certainly good examples of Indian treatment of plant forms and authentic working drawings.

It is possible that this unnamed designer confined himself to working for cotton printers; but from what I know of the craft and its traditions, I think this unlikely. Obviously one facile draughtsman could keep a legion of block-cutters at work, and it is equally clear

Drawings from an Indian Cotton-Printer's Pattern Book



COLOURED DRAWINGS ON MUSLIN

especially in India, where a rigid uniformity of style and manner rules all subjects alike. It is true that they are on muslin, but they are done with the *ek bâl ka gulam*—brush of one hair—the excessively fine point on which the craft prides itself, and there are refinements of line and tint, of which the block-cutter could take no account. Our last illustration (opposite) shows, though reduced in size, the relative coarseness of the block-printed line. The drawing looked attractive, the block-cutter, wanting a job, assured the employer that he could render it perfectly, and if the latter was disappointed in the result, he only anticipated an experience to which employers all over the world are liable.

The *nugqash* is, and I think always was, a designer of all work. He is still to the fore, though year by year he has fewer opportunities, and he must soon be "snowed under" by the modern profusion of photographic, pictorial and decorative work imported or of

local production. He is no longer, as a matter of course, a "State servant" of an Indian Court, receiving an allowance which, though more honorific than substantial, conferred a sort of laureateship. Lithography finds him some employment, but few amateurs of position now care for his illuminated romances, mythological pictures or historical portraits, carefully and elaborately wrought. The ladies of princely houses do not now employ him on tracing the embroideries which used to give them pocket money, while artificers concerned with ornament have learned by the stress of hard times to do without new designs—a fatally easy

lesson when they serve the agents of an uninterested public, and not, as of old, an instructed patron or Court.

Writing in this place, there is no need to dwell on the feeling for plant character or decorative



DRAWINGS IN GOLD AND COLOUR (FULL SIZE)

Drawings from an Indian Cotton-Printer's Pattern Book



COLOURED DRAWINGS ON MUSLIN (FULL SIZE)

propriety of these modest designs, among which may be recognised the dianthus or maiden pink, the amaranth or cockscomb, the marigold and poppy, all dear to the Indian for ritual, economic or poetic reasons. At first sight they may suggest a resemblance to the admirable woodcuts in European 16th century herbals, but they make no pretence to accuracy. The *nugqâsh*, in fact, does not, and, I think, never did, draw directly from nature. When it is suggested, I have observed his impulse is to put his model behind him, and glance at it furtively from time to time.

The reproductions are reduced, and the coloured examples do not include the *hashiya* or border composed of the larger flower, and usually printed with it as in the monochrome designs on p. 193. The terminology of the craft is interesting as an indication of old and settled usage. Flower and border together, as in the last-mentioned illustration, are *bel hashiya*; the single flower is *bel buti*; a nosegay of assorted flowers, Persian fashion, is a *guldasta*; stripes or lengthwise arrangements of flowers

are *bel hâzi*; while figures and inscriptions—often effective elements—are *tahrir*.

The designs are cut on the length of the wood grain, not as with us, on a cross section. Shisham, a hard, mahogany-like acacia, mulberry, mango, ebony and box are used for *thappas* or blocks. And, as some force is required to make a good impression, the printer's right hand, which gives the thump, is protected by a leatheren guard. When one thinks of the steam-driven, electro-engraven cylinder of European textile printing, this little detail has, to my mind, an almost pathetic interest. Very few register marks are used, even when

successive printings are wanted, and yet the results are so good that I have often thought there may be more in the half pious, half conventional ejaculations which bring in the mercy of God than a careless Briton is apt to think.

J. LOCKWOOD KIPLING.



SAMPLE PRINTS FROM SPRIG BLOCKS (REDUCED)

Architectural Gardening.—X.

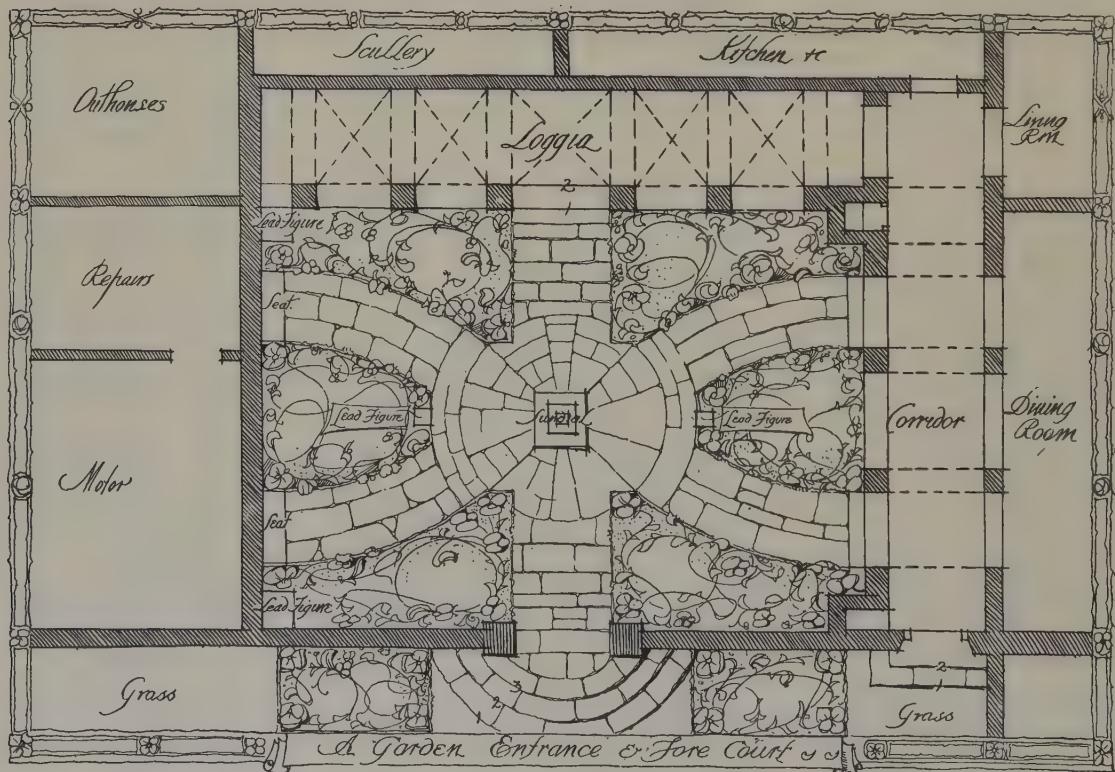
ARCHITECTURAL GARDENING. —X. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AFTER DESIGNS BY C. E. MALLOWS, F.R.I.B.A., AND F. L. GRIGGS.

THE forecourt and garden entrance illustrated on the opposite page has been designed to meet the definite conditions of an actual site. The garden forecourt, as the plan below shows, is an adjunct to an open-air living room or loggia, and is, in effect, an extension, as it were, into the garden of that portion of the house plan. Here, above all things, privacy and seclusion are most desirable, as the loggia is to be used as much as possible, not only through the summer, but also during the late autumn and in the early days of spring. It has therefore been planned with that purpose in view, so that the greatest amount of shelter from all quarters can be obtained. The plan below illustrates how the house itself forms the required protection on three sides, whilst, on the fourth, the high wall (in the centre of which the garden entrance is placed) closes in the little garden, and completes the desired effect without

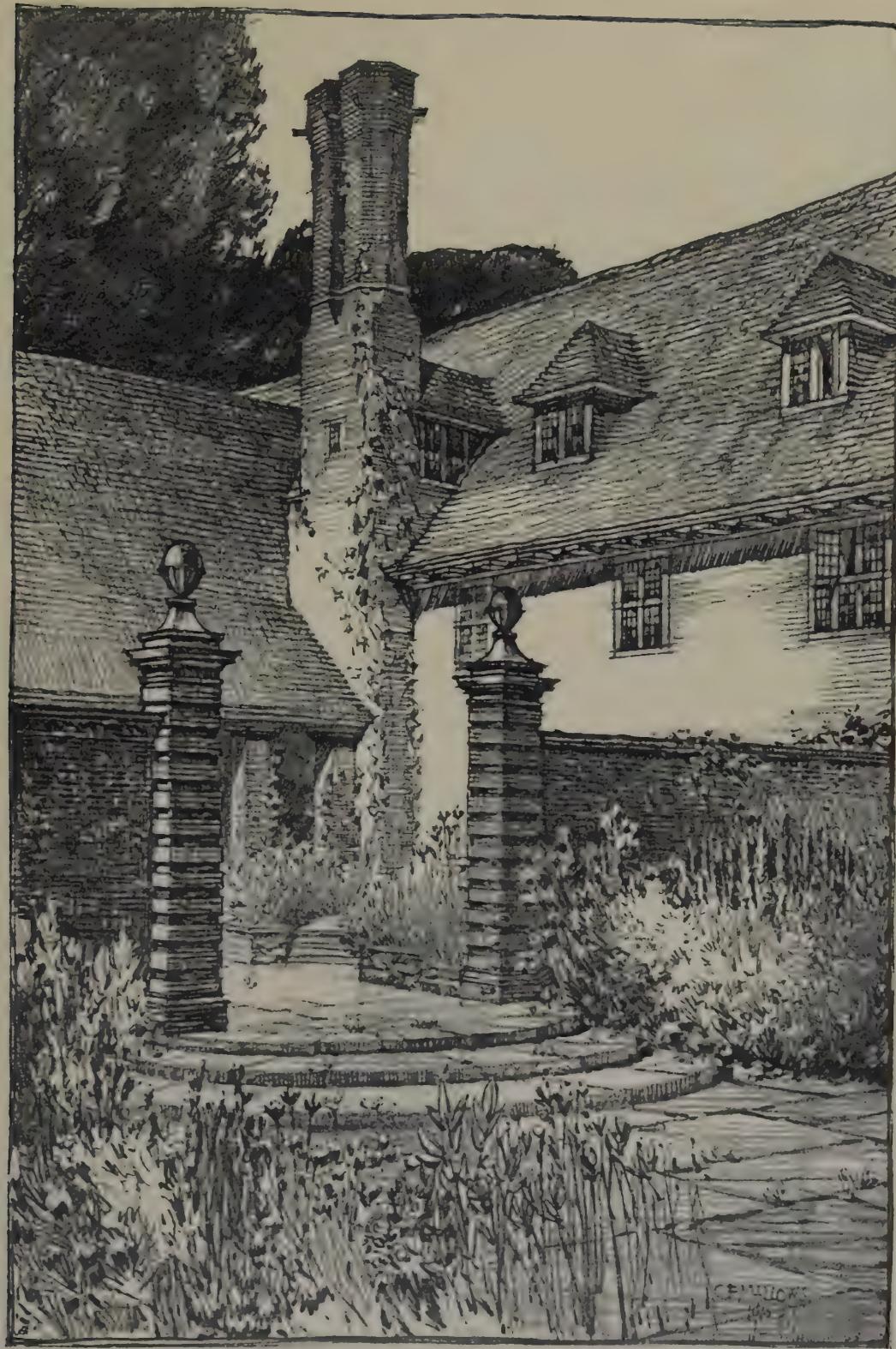
in any way excluding the very necessary sunlight and fresh air. Only on one side is there a building of two floors, where the main portion of the house occurs; on the other two sides are low walls of brick that surround, and long high-pitched roofs that cover, the kitchen garden and out-buildings.

The alcove and pool, illustrated by the drawing on page 199 and plan on page 198, form part of a detail in a scheme for the alteration of a mid-Victorian landscape garden. This garden adjoins an old eighteenth-century house of a dignified and balanced design, and is of course completely out of harmony with it. The house has a long southern front facing this landscape garden, and on the west side is an old wood with a stream running through it, which continues across the garden, and was tortured (in the height of the landscape gardening days) into all sorts of fantastic shapes and surrounded by toy hills dotted with specimen trees.

The chief desire in the new scheme being to re-create a garden in sympathy with the design of the house, it is proposed to clear away all traces of the present landscape effort, which neither time nor Nature herself has redeemed from complete failure, and to replace it by a broad expanse of green turf

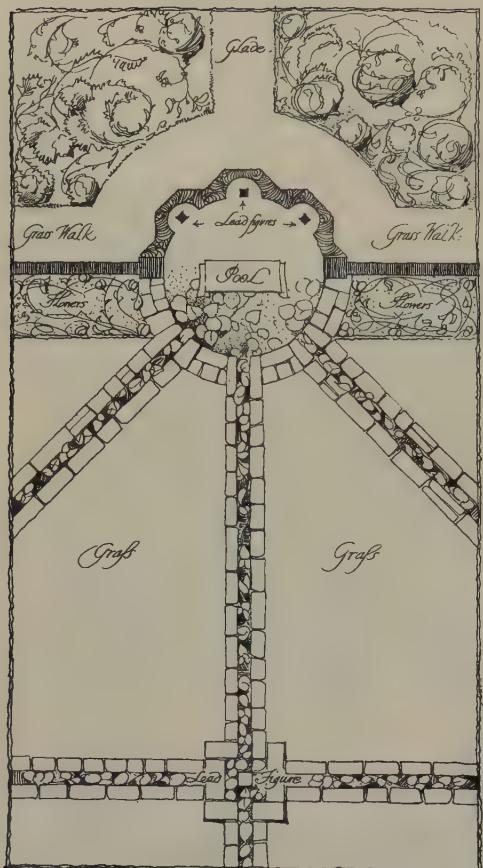


PLAN OF THE FORECOURT AND GARDEN ENTRANCE ILLUSTRATED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE



FORECOURT AND GARDEN ENTRANCE
DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY C. E.
MALLOWS, F.R.I.B.A.

Architectural Gardening.—X.



PLAN OF ALCOVE AND POOL ILLUSTRATED
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

intersected by a simple geometrical pattern of narrow waterways, in which suitable varieties of water plants are to form the colour decoration of the garden, on the simple setting of green grass and grey stone.

In the centre of the west side of the garden are the alcove and pool shown in the drawing, and which serve to convey the water from the brook in the wood behind, from three outlets (which would be decorated by heads of beaten metal as the sketch indicates), first into the pool, and then by the three channels into a long and narrow pond in the centre of the plot, and by similar channels across to a circular pool on the opposite side of the garden. From this pool the water is taken in quite tiny open channels around all the beds of the rose garden, which connects this open green plot

with a glade on the eastern side, through which the stream now runs in its old natural state.

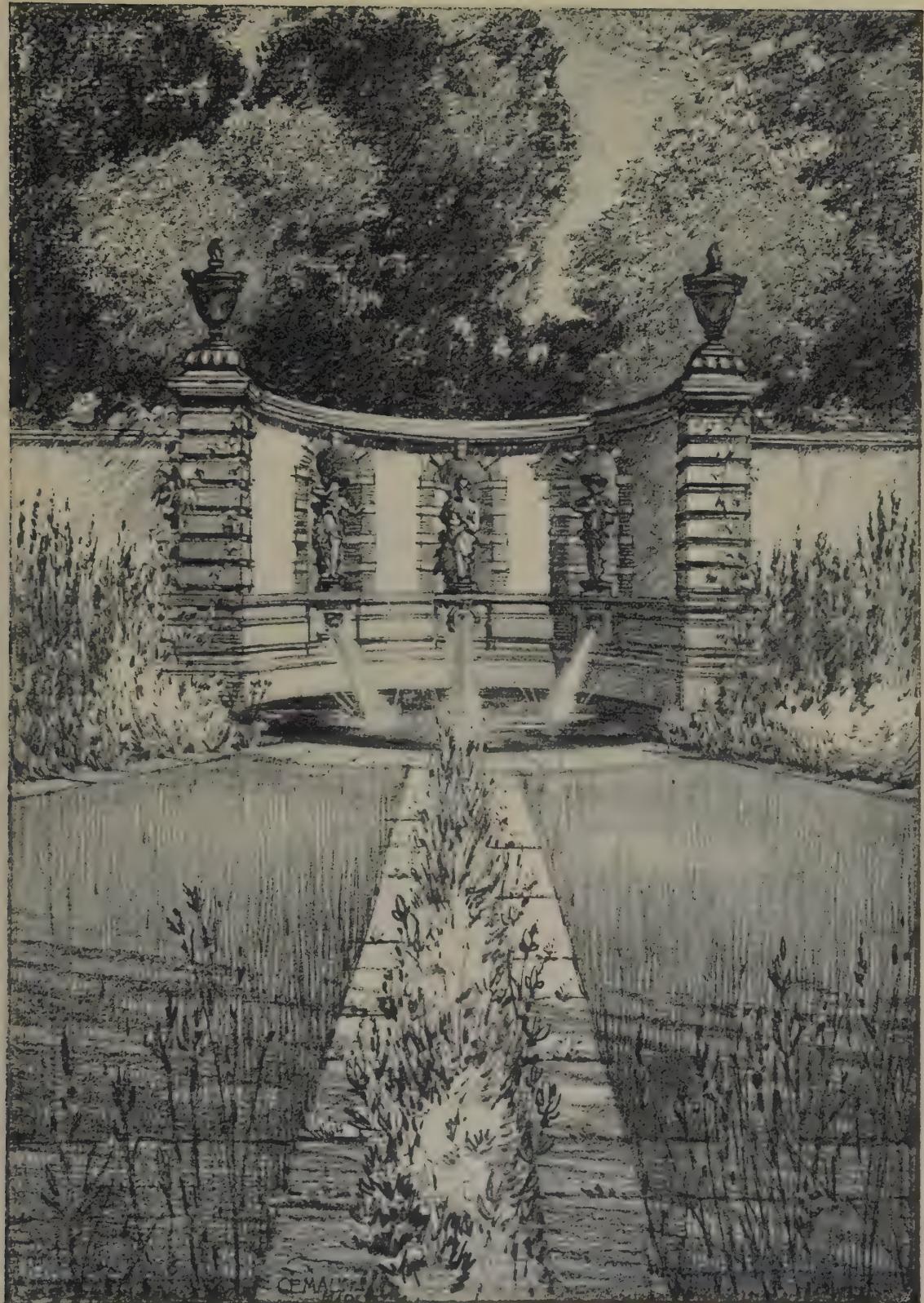
The materials of which this alcove are to be built are thin 2-inch red bricks for the quoins and niches, the base, cornice, and piers, and Roman tiles between the quoins and keystones of the three niches. These three niches are to be filled with lead figures of Pan in the centre, and Ceres and Flora on each side. The two vases on the top of each pier will also be of lead.

The stone sundial, of simple and inexpensive design, shown by the sketch below, marks the intersection of two long straight stone-flagged and brick-paved paths in a flower garden of formal design. Its unpretentious character is sufficiently illustrated in the sketch and any further description is superfluous.

The design illustrated by the perspective view on page 200, and the plan on the same page, is for the combination of two garden stores and a pigeon house in one building. This suggestion is made

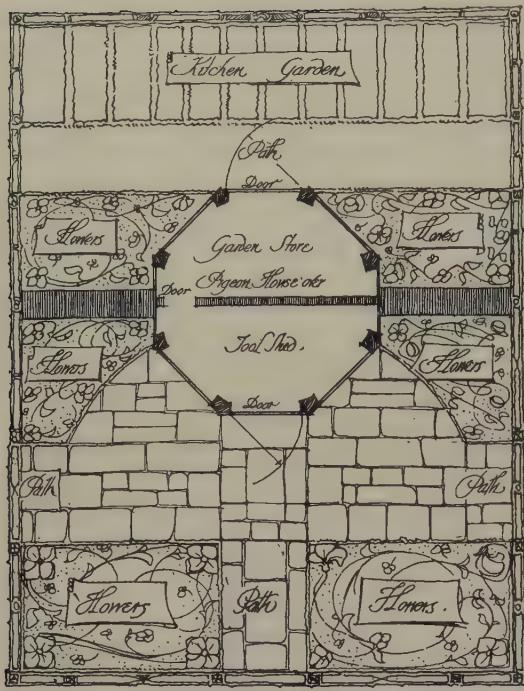


SUNDIAL. DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY C. E. MALLOWS, F.R.I.B.A.



ALCOVE AND POOL. DESIGNED AND
DRAWN BY C. E. MALLOWS, F.R.I.B.A.

Architectural Gardening.—X.



PLAN SHOWING SITUATION OF GARDEN STORE AND PIGEON-HOUSE ILLUSTRATED BELOW

in order to show how it is very easily possible to so arrange two usually very ugly buildings (such details of a garden are commonly hidden away in any odd corner as necessary but unsightly places) in such a manner, that they not only retain all their usefulness, but, with the added attraction of a pigeon-house or dovecote, may be converted into an interesting detail in the general garden scheme.

In this instance a tool shed is provided in the centre of a flower garden on one side, and a garden store in the centre of the kitchen garden on the other, whilst the pigeons over can survey both gardens from the same point of vantage.

The materials are of two kinds only : English oak for the principal portion, and tiles for the roof. The construction of the whole is very simple and of such a character that any intelligent village carpenter could carry it out himself with very little additional aid.

As the plan shows, the shape is an octagon, and it is placed with its centre on the centre line of the wall. At each end of the eight points of the octagon an oak post is fixed, taken out of 6 in. by 6 in. /

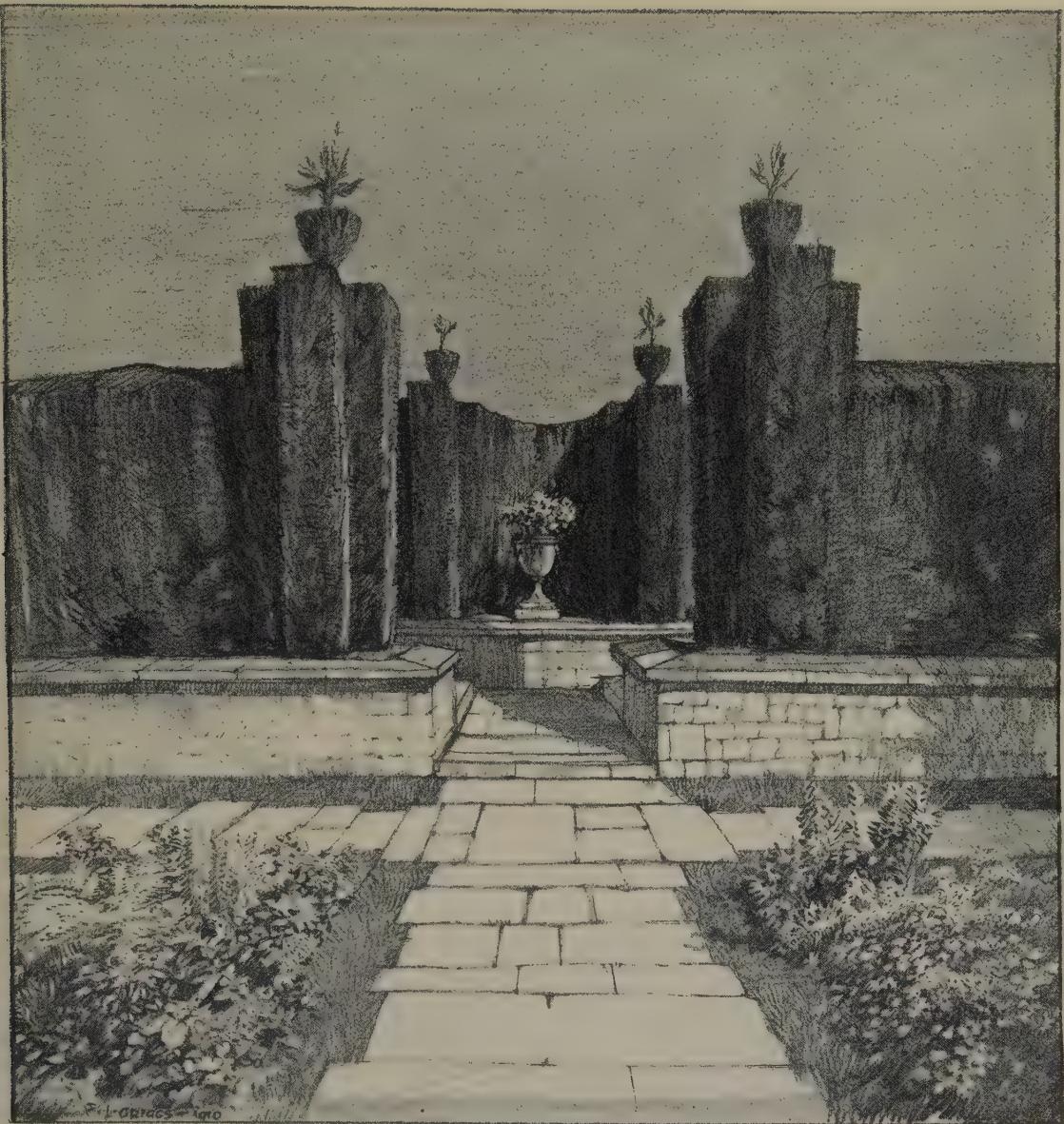
timber. These are all framed into stout oak sills at the bottom and carried straight through and framed into an oak plate at the top, which takes the feet of the rafters of the hipped octagonal roof, which would be covered, as just mentioned, with local red hand-made tiles, or by oak shingles.

The weather vane shown in the sketch is merely an external finish to a vertical iron rod, which goes through the centre of the roof to the level of the bottom of the plate, and is then connected to radiating oak ties with each angle of the octagon. These ties form both a useful and constructional purpose, as they serve as perches for the pigeons, and the ties also serve the purpose of bracing and strengthening the roof and sides just where they most need it.

Small braces to the posts and plate at the top of



GARDEN STORE AND PIGEON-HOUSE
DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY C. E. MALLOWS, F.R.I.B.A.



ENTRANCE TO AN ENCLOSED FLOWER
GARDEN WITH TOPIARY WORK SCREEN
DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY F. L. GRIGGS

Architectural Gardening.—X.

each opening, weather-boarding of elm between the posts, a few turned balusters, and two doors with their fittings, make this small garden adjunct quite complete at very little expense.

The drawings on pages 201 and below are given as further examples of topiary work, with the idea that they may be useful as suggestions of shapes and forms suitable for such close growing evergreens as yew. They both, of course, represent a growth of many years, and it has been objected that such designs are of no use in these days, when folk are inclined even to expect their gardens ready made. Unlike many arts, gardening does not lend itself to forgery of this kind—the appearance of antiquity or maturity can fortunately only be obtained by the passage of time itself. A newly laid-out garden, though, can be, and often is, very charming, and it seems only reasonable that a genuine interest in gardens should mean also a pleasure in watching and aiding growth to a desired fulfilment. Gardens are places of growth, and their growth must be leisurely. But yews and such trees and shrubs are not so slow growing as is often supposed. We have seen very good hedges already taking kindly to the shears of no more than ten years' age, and even less. Obviously a design for a half-grown hedge would be useless; and surely such a beautiful feature as topiary work in a garden is not to be ignored because of its slow growth. These shapes, then, can be borne in view from the planting of the young shoots, and for

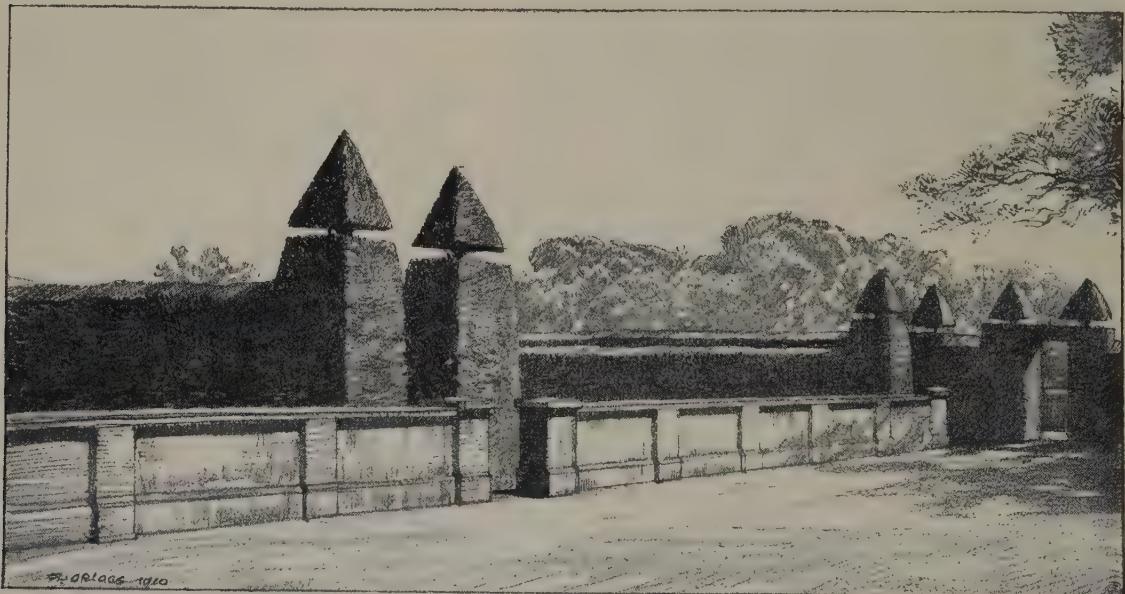
these reasons we have ventured to give these designs.

The drawing opposite shows an arrangement of terrace steps at an intersection of paths, and that on page 201 shows an entrance to an enclosed garden for such flowers as would need some protection from frost and cold winds. The design in this latter amounts to no more than a grouping of square piers, with an urn-shaped top, out of which a sprig has been allowed to grow wild. The entrance is from another part of the garden, on slightly higher ground, access to which is gained by shallow steps to right and left at the end of the path, while the space immediately in front is occupied by an urn for bright growths set in a semi-circular alcove.

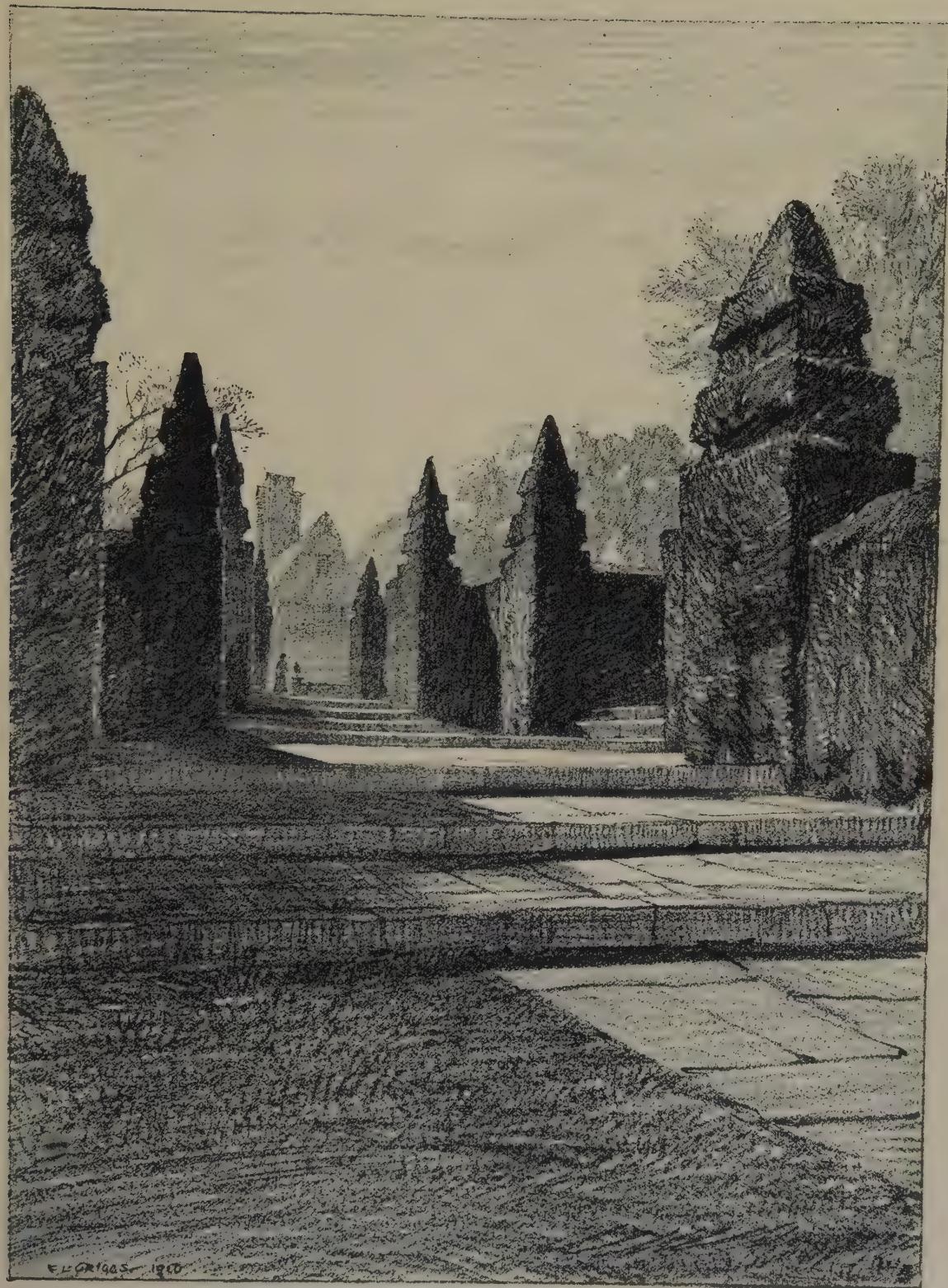
Such terminations of garden vistas are very effective, and well worth the little trouble of planning. An arrangement such as that under discussion has the merit of screening one garden from another, and so giving an effect of seclusion and at the same time suggesting something beyond—very much as our forefathers chose to give size and mystery to their churches and cathedrals.

The wall at the base of the hedge is merely a retaining wall, and does not in any way hinder the growth of roots, as may be seen in many such examples of old work.

The plan on page 204 is for a moderate-sized rectangular garden, and will be found really economical of space. Immediately in front of the

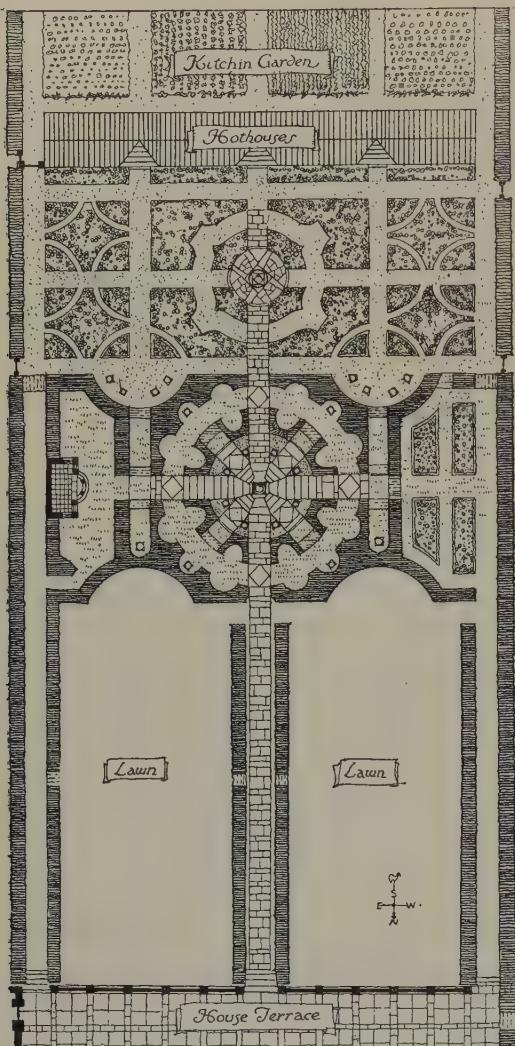


A FORECOURT WITH TOPIARY WORK



TERRACE STEPS AND TOPIARY WORK
DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY F. L. GRIGGS

Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture



SKETCH-PLAN FOR A RECTANGULAR GARDEN
BY F. L. GRIGGS

garden side of the house is the terrace illustrated on page 202, overlooking the two lawns, and with views down three paths to the other parts of the garden.

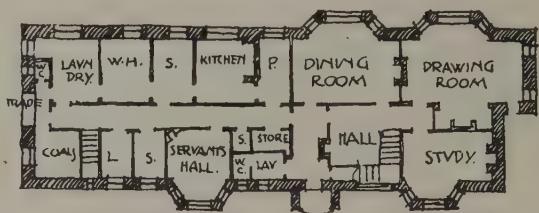
The central one would give an unbroken vista through long hedges—the central court of a maze, with a sundial, through a flower garden, and into the entrance to a long hothouse. Passing down the middle path, stone flagged and grass bordered, the maze would be entered; the feature in this case being merely a circular grass path, having eight entrances from the centre, and giving four exits beyond. Four of the paths would be terminated by alcoves, seen under arches containing urns of flowers, and between the paths would be oval spaces suitable for chairs and seats, so that on sunny days either sun or shade could be found

with quiet and seclusion. The path to the left, at the sundial, would lead across two paths into an enclosed lawn with a summer-house—a space suitable for outdoor meals. The path to the right leads to an enclosed flower garden. Beyond these features would be found the flower garden—geometrically laid out with paths to give easy access to any of the beds. This, the pleasure garden, would be terminated by a range of hot-houses occupying the whole width, and serving as a screen to the kitchen garden beyond.

We hope on a later occasion to give some illustrations of the more picturesque views which such a garden would afford.

RECENT DESIGNS IN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

At the top of the page opposite an illustration is given of the garden elevation of a house in Perthshire recently designed by Messrs. T. Oliphant Foster and Percy W. Lovell, Architects, of London. The site is a most picturesque one, being surrounded on all sides by mountains or hills, and close to the river Earn, which flows into Loch Earn four or five miles distant. The site was a plain rectangular field, and this determined the particular form of plan adopted by the architects. The grounds are now being laid out, and include a flagged terrace round the dining-and drawing-room bays, this terrace being slightly raised above the general ground level. For the main walls local stone, quarried in the immediate vicinity, has been used. This stone does not stand exposure to the weather very well, and so it has been covered with a cream-coloured rough cast, brought flush with the stone dressings round the windows, etc. For these dressings, and also for the entrance porch, the more durable Auchenheath stone has been used. The slates are of the rough green Tilberthwaite variety, and, like the Auchenheath stone, weather magnificently. Leaded lights have been used in the windows, and all



GROUNDFLOOR PLAN.
"AUCHENROSS," COMRIE, PERTHSHIRE
FOSTER & LOVELL, ARCHITECTS

Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture

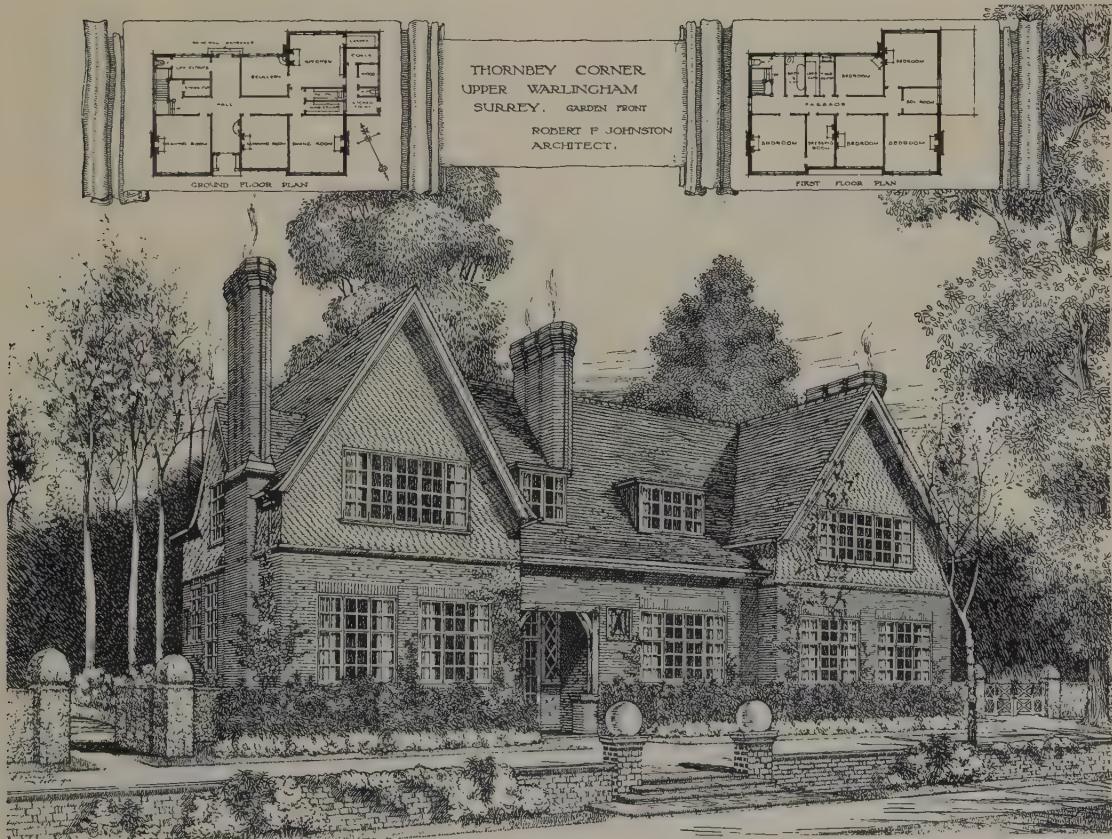


"AUCHENROSS," COMRIE, PERTHSHIRE

FOSTER & LOVELL, ARCHITECTS

the interior woodwork has been left in its natural state. The ground floor plan on page 204, though small, is sufficiently clear to show the disposition of the rooms and offices. The size of the drawing-room, exclusive of the fire-place recess, is $23\frac{1}{2}$ feet by $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet; the dining-room is slightly less in the larger dimension; and, on the floor above, the principal bedroom is rather more than 17 feet square.

The next house illustrated this month is one which comes within the extra-suburban area of London. To the southward the Metropolis has been steadily growing, until now there is an almost uninterrupted sea of houses extending to the southern limits of Croydon. Many who have sought for more congenial natural surroundings than are now to be found in the inner area, have



Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture



GARDEN OR TEA HOUSE IN THE OLD NORSE STYLE
DESIGNED FOR M. GLÜCKSTADT BY CARL BRUMMER, ARCHITECT

turned to the region south of this borough, which is one of the most picturesque parts of Surrey. It is here that the house, of which we give an illustration on page 205—from the drawing by the architect, Mr. R. F. Johnston—is situated. "Thornbey Corner" is designed to occupy a fine position in Upper Warlingham, and has a magnificent view. The drawing shows the garden front, which faces the south. All the principal rooms in the house have been designed to overlook the garden. The materials used are small hand-made red bricks, and tiles of a darker shade on the roofs, with hanging tiles on the gables of a similar shade. On the ground floor the accommodation consists of a panelled hall fitted with fire-place, dining-room, drawing-room, and morning-room—all on the south side; while on the north side are the kitchen and other domestic offices, which have been so planned that no windows overlook the garden. On the first floor, approached by a well-lighted staircase, are four large bedrooms, three

a lake-side garden-house or tea-house designed by Mr. Carl Brummer, one of the foremost architects of Denmark, for the eminent banker, M. Glückstadt. On two previous occasions examples of Mr. Brummer's architectural designs have been reproduced in these pages, and his skill in adapting the Old Norse style to modern conditions was well exemplified in the case of a house at Elsinore, of which we gave illustrations in April, 1906. In this garden house Mr. Brummer has again



VERANDAH OF M. GLÜCKSTADT'S GARDEN OR TEA HOUSE
CARL BRUMMER, ARCHITECT

Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture



LIVING-ROOM IN M. GLÜCKSTADT'S GARDEN OR TEA HOUSE
DESIGNED BY CARL BRUMMER, ARCHITECT

shown his knowledge and appreciation of traditional motifs and demonstrated their applicability to the present, though, let it be understood, he is no mere imitator, but one who, as our correspondent has already remarked, believes in the continuity of art, in evolving the new from out of the past, and though at times almost completely discarding tradition, yet more often adapts and shapes it in accordance with his own artistic individuality. Here he has almost out-Norwegianed the Norwegians, grasping all the essentials of an old Norse block-house, yet endowing the whole, and more especially the interior, with a profusion of droll and decorative details in carving and colour, in which he has had the co-operation of M. Clod Svensson, the Danish painter. M. Glückstadt's tea-house teems with surprises, bold designs and subtle, artful devices, and it fits admirably into its surroundings. There is a small kitchen on the ground-floor and a quaint little bedroom upstairs.

Franz Sobotka, whose work is illustrated in the four remaining illustra-

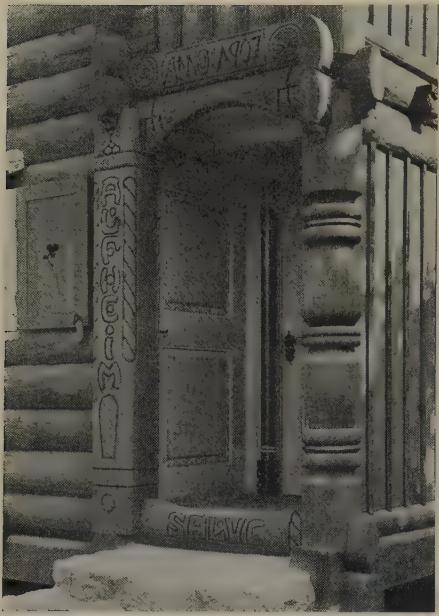
tions (pp. 208—210), is a young architect who has gained renown in different parts of the Austrian Crown Lands and in Vienna as a builder of modern factories, and in Bohemia and Wiener-Neustadt as a villa architect. In the former sphere of activity he has done excellent work and carried out many reforms, besides introducing beauty and dignity into buildings which as a class are usually designed purely with a view to utility. But it is as an architect of domestic structures that he is to be judged

here. In the "Haus Neumann," as far as outward style is concerned, he has chosen a modernised form of barock, a style which found much favour with the Austrian architects of a past generation, from Fischer von Erlach onwards, and it is one which is particularly suited to Vienna with its background of hills. Somewhat similar conditions are met with in Bohemia, whither Herr Sobotka has transported this style. The "Haus Neumann" is much larger than a villa properly so



A CORNER IN M. GLÜCKSTADT'S GARDEN OR TEA HOUSE
DESIGNED BY CARL BRUMMER, ARCHITECT

Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture



DOORWAY OF M. GLÜCKSTADT'S TEA-HOUSE
DESIGNED BY CARL BRUMMER, ARCHITECT

the rooms are admirably planned. In the basement are cellars, a garage, porters' room, and other offices. On the entrance floor are small and large dining-rooms, a drawing-room, smoking, music and morning rooms, to all of which access is gained from the rectangular central hall. The kitchens and domestic offices are entirely cut off from the main suite. Behind the windows overlooking three sides of the hall, are spacious corridors giving access to the library, billiard-room and bedrooms, as also to the nurseries, bathrooms and various offices. The attics, which may be reached either from the main staircase leading from the hall or from the left tower, are reserved for the visitors' rooms and servants. There is a peculiar charm about the whole house, which is essentially dwellable and homely spite of its size. The hall is particularly attractive by reason of its general tone, its beauty being enhanced by the numerous windows above and the decorative effect of the well-kept flowers adorning them.

called—it would be better described as a mansion—and accordingly the architect has given something suggestive of spaciousness in the design, without, however, conveying a sense of bulkiness. The house fits well into the surrounding landscape, and in the arrangement of the rooms there is much that is interesting. Of the two towers flanking the main entrance, that to the left contains the servants' staircase, and that to the right the cloakrooms and lavatories. The windows looking on to the terrace may be easily unhung so that in warm weather the air may circulate as freely as possible and the view enjoyed to the fullest. The building is of grey stone and contains some fine sculpture by Franz Zelezny, whose wood sculpture is already well known to readers of THE STUDIO, and who is generally regarded as one of the leading architectural sculptors in Austria. All



"HAUS NEUMANN," BOHEMIA: KÖNIGINHOF, ENTRANCE FRONT
FRANZ SOBOTKA, ARCHITECT SCULPTURE BY F. ZELEZNY



"VILLA PORSCHE," WIENER-NEUSTADT
FRANZ SOBOTKA, ARCHITECT



"HAUS NEUMANN": THE HALL
FRANZ SOBOTKA, ARCHITECT
SCULPTURE BY FRANZ ZELEZNY

Carl Milles, Swedish Sculptor

The "Villa Porsche," the hall of which is illustrated on the preceding page, is a smaller building, situated in the town of Wiener-Neustadt, some 25 miles south of Vienna. The outward form is excellent in its proportions, its style again fitting into the landscape. There are but two floors, and there is no basement owing to the condition of the soil. The hall, though small, is of a pleasing design, the wood used being natural larch of a pale yellow tone. Leading from it are the dining and living rooms, as also the staircase to the upper storey, which contains the bedrooms, bathrooms, and other offices.

Herr Sobotka received his professional training at the Imperial Technical College, Vienna, afterwards proceeding to Berlin, where he did practical work under the late Professor Messel.

A SWEDISH SCULPTOR: CARL MILLES. BY AUGUST BRUNIUS.

SCULPTURE is not, in the truest sense of the term, the glory and pride of modern Swedish art as painting is. The temperament of the people, and the character of the landscape itself, do not conduce to the development of a plastic tendency, but stimulate the growth of eminently picturesque qualities. The painter can find an endless source of inspiration in the rugged, broken line of wood and hill, ever changing from plain to crag, from dark pine forests to lovely groves of foliage, from the turbulent, open sea to little smiling lakes; but in all this there is little, if any, incentive to the sculptor, and in the same way the transition from repressed power and phlegm to impetuous outbursts of national character does not seem so well to favour that compact, clear character of form which is a necessary condition for the genesis of a great sculptural art. And yet Sweden can call some of the greatest Scandinavian sculptors its own. The name of Thorwaldsen, the Dane, has had a more wide-world reputation than that of the Swede, Sergel; but modern art history has been prone to deprecate much of the former's greatness in placing Sergel higher on the ladder of fame, as an artist with a more refined sense of form, and as a less slavish imitator of the antique. During the latter half of the nineteenth century Per Hasselberg had a dominating influence in Swedish art, and towards the close of the century one of his



"HAUS NEUMANN," KÖNIGINHOF: SIDE ELEVATION. FRANZ SOBOTKA, ARCHITECT

Carl Milles, Swedish Sculptor



CARL MILLES AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO

pupils, Christian Eriksson—a man of much versatility and fruitful talent—established for himself a place amongst the leading men. And the ranks of good sculptors are constantly receiving new recruits; among the younger ones being Carl Milles, Carl Eldh, David Edström, Tore Strindberg, and several others.

A common trait of most of these sculptors is their French schooling; even Sergel, Hasselberg and Eriksson have received their best impulses from French sculpture. Our painters have at last been domesticated; young and old, they have found that the home country is the natural soil for a national art; but for the younger gen-

eration of sculptors, Paris is still the great goal. No wonder then that the most Swedish of the present generation of form artists, Carl Milles, has spent nine long years of incessant toil in Paris for the purpose of grasping the technical mastery of his art. Rodin was the first to open his eyes to a new world of expressive beauty, and under this influence—not a wholesome one perhaps for every youth—the young Swede's talent blossomed forth in a wonderfully short time. He is now 34 years of age, a typical blonde Swede, young in mind and energy, and yet with a long series of original and sound works to his credit: historical monuments, decorative statues and reliefs, quaint animal sculptures, portrait busts and diminutive statuettes, full of the finest and airiest humour. In these diverse works he exhibits a personal power, a strongly marked virility and anti-feminine taste, which mark him out as the very antithesis of an eclectic. The Parisian influence has, on the whole, left very few impressions on his strong northern nature.

Swedish sculptors have another common trait that deserves to be noted, *i.e.*, their connection with handicraft. Per Hasselberg and Christian Eriksson both began their careers as carpenters, and have never quite lost



"DUTCH WOMEN" (BRONZE)

BY CARL MILLES

Carl Milles, Swedish Sculptor

their interest for the most modest forms of manual work. Milles also, in his youth, received his preliminary training in a workshop. To this very day it is his delight to carve grotesque reliefs on the wooden projections of his residence in the neighbourhood of Stockholm—a house which in design is a model of almost severe simplicity; and in general he is fond of working with the knife for his own amusement. It is characteristic that one of his most remarkable and also largest works, the statue of Gustavus Vasa in a sitting posture, will be executed in wood and then painted in a few colours. A plaster cast of this statue has been temporarily placed in the lofty hall of the Northern Museum, and gives a fine effect when viewed from the entrance. Gustavus Vasa is not represented as the liberator, but as the father of his people, who after long years of strife looks towards a dim and dangerous future. It is a pathetic picture of "old King Gösta," whose memory after the passing of centuries is still kept alive in the fantasy of the Swedish people as few of its many glorious kings.

Gustavus Vasa is not the first of Milles' historical monuments. He aroused much interest some ten years ago by a sketch for an equestrian statue of another Swedish national hero, Sten Sture, a forerunner of Gustavus Vasa in the struggle for freedom against the Danes. The statue will be set up by the undergraduates of Upsala University on a prominent hill near Old Upsala, where a temple stood in heathen times; Milles is himself a native of the surrounding plain. The sculptural idea is at the same time grand, untraditional and clever. Sten Sture is sitting on his war-horse with dropped visor, looking forward,

pressed on all sides by his peasant army; his democratic and impersonal character, as one of the many, as the leader of a people, is thus symbolised. There is no authentic portrait existing of this remarkable man, who styled himself with a Republican title resembling the "Lord Protector" of Cromwell; there is very little known of him except his war of independence, and therefore the artist has done well to celebrate the *deed* rather than the *man*. The grand, stern style, the strength and solemn beauty of contour and freedom from "finicking" are qualities determined by the huge proportion and effect of distance. It is with eager expectation that the Swedish art-loving public are awaiting the sight of this bold bronze group raising its dark masses against the sky from the simple rough stone base.



MONUMENT TO STEN STURE, SWEDISH NATIONAL HERO

BY CARL MILLES



GROUP OF ELEPHANTS IN MARBLE
BY CARL MILLES

Carl Milles, Swedish Sculptor

In contrast to a great number of modern sculptors—Barye excepted—Milles takes as much living and loving interest in animals as in men. His animal sculptures cover a field apart. He has spent much time at Skansen, the well-known open-air museum in Stockholm, in studying the delightful bears climbing in a little rocky enclosure, playing and frolicking with their cubs. The result of these studies was a remarkable decorative work now being raised at the cost of a private connoisseur at the gate of a little park in Stockholm, named the Berzelius Park after the famous chemist. Two groups of playing bears cut in granite adorn these gates. The hardness of the material has enforced an artistic economy, a monumental compactness of composition, of which the artist with astonishing cleverness has taken due advantage, and in spite of all difficulties, a rich and harmonious effect is gained; even this rough material catching a beautiful glitter in sunshine. Of the two groups the bear playing with its cub that is lying on its back presents the most decorative repose; the other, at first sight a puzzling combination of heads and paws, has a more pointed humour and fresher details. The large sculptures are balanced by delicate little images, also in granite, of a pair of weasels and a beaver drinking.

At present Milles is occupied in modelling two flying eagles as counterparts to the bears. They will be cut in granite and adorn the palace of Valdemars-udde, the home of Prince Eugen, himself a gifted painter and connoisseur. One eagle is represented as clutching, with claws deeply embedded, a large fish the other is soaring about in pursuit of prey. Though represented in violent movement, these birds

however present no accidental or crude realistic aspect, but are pervaded by the same decorative feeling for style with a stronger accentuation of silhouette than in the bear groups. A glimpse of these eagles is given in the illustration of the sculptor in his studio (p. 211).

A more naturalistic touch characterises his two groups of elephants—the one in soft grey stone purchased by the Swedish National Gallery, the other larger and treated in a different way. They are modelled with the greatest care and apparent delight in the soft curving lines and rounded flanks of these huge creatures.

Another of Milles' animal groups occupies a place by itself. It is a colossal sculpture called *Swan-lizards*, i.e., some pre-historic plesiosaurians crouching upon a rock in the sea, stretching their supple



DETAIL OF PROPOSED MONUMENT TO FRANZEN

BY CARL MILLES

Painting in Mexico



"PLAYING BEARS" (GRANITE) BY CARL MILLES
(Berzelius Park, Stockholm)

necks, straining and gazing out over the water. The swan-lizards are no dry, scientific reconstruction, though based upon sound palaeological principles. The work in the first place is a hymn to nature's mystic beauty, even in the dim and distant ages, which appear to us to be filled by fabulous and horrible shapes, and secondly it is a plastic creation of fine proportions and noble lines. The artist's idea is to get this colossal group cast in bronze, and at some future time placed on a cliff at the entrance to the port of Stockholm; but the large sum necessary (running to something like £8,000) makes this fine idea seem somewhat Utopian.

I have commented particularly on this branch of Carl Milles' work, knowing how deep an interest the British reader takes in everything connected with the animal world. It is hardly to be expected that a foreigner should appreciate in the same degree his portrait busts (one of which is shown on the next page), rich as they are both in character and feeling, or the Swedish charm of his historical compositions. But his animal sculptures appeal to all who share the artist's generous delight in living nature. AUGUST BRUNIUS.

PAINTING IN MEXICO. BY MARY BARTON.

THE first thing that comes to my mind when I begin to write of Mexico is the great civility I met with everywhere, from the railway conductor, who invited me to dine, down to the immaculately dressed young man I encountered in a post office who offered to lick my stamps for me.

It is a truly cosmopolitan country, and one can use every modern language one is acquainted with; but the Britisher generally meets pleasant looks, and the poorer class Mexicans and Indians are a most obliging set. One is cheated right and left, and charged through the nose for the most simple necessaries, but it is done quite pleasantly. The hotels are mostly bad and dear, and the food often quite impossible—in fact, a long course of it is conducive to the slimness of figure now so much admired; but what do such things matter when the climate is so perfect and the scenery so fine? Day after day sunshine, always the same light at the same time of day, and rain a most rare thing, although there are plenty of cloud effects, especially in the morning and evening. Many inhabitants told me that I should seldom see clouds,



"PLAYING CHILDREN" (MARBLE). BY CARL MILLES

Painting in Mexico



PORTRAIT OF PROF. K. (BRONZE) *(See preceding article)*

BY CARL MILLES

and would be tired of blue sky ; but I found that in various parts of the country and at many different elevations the clouds piled themselves up for me in a most satisfactory manner, and with glorious colour. Being in the tropics, the sea-board is warm and often unhealthy, but inland, towards the capital, the country rises almost at once through beautiful mountains, the snow-capped peak of Orizaba overtopping all, until the plain of Mexico City is reached, more than 7,000 feet high, where there is no great heat except in the middle of the day during the warmest months, and the mornings and evenings are cool, in winter often cold.

Orizaba town was my first stopping place, a place of wooded foot-hills with high peaks behind, semi-tropical verdure — a wealth of green and flowers—and such a humid atmosphere that even the habitual painting of my own country—Ireland—could not prepare me for the blue required of my paint-box. Again and again I flooded the stretcher with more cobalt, but always the reality seemed bluer than anything I could do.

It was here I got my first experience of a Mexican crowd, which came round me so closely that, in spite of my elbowings and appeals for more space, I could hardly move. If I stepped backward I trod on someone's toes, or if I cocked my head for a side view, came in contact with a large hat, while the atmosphere was very heavily charged, to put it mildly. Artists are rare in Mexico, only a few from the States coming thither, so that one

had that very delightful experience of seeing things freshly, untrammeled by other painters' visions.

Mexico City is on a large plain, beautifully surrounded by mountains, which used to be the boundaries of a great lake or lakes, and one pictures to oneself a Venice of old times, with Cortes' troops riding in over the causeways which joined it to the mainland. Now there is little water visible save in distant lakes and the Viga Canal, a beautiful waterway that affords endless subjects for the brush. This canal runs from the city to

Xochimilco, a place of floating gardens, where the mud is banked up either by planks or a binding weed, and held together by endless poplars, and where the vegetables and flowers for the city are mostly grown. Unfortunately for the artist, it is only a series of tiny canals with one or two broader waterways, and no wide vistas or effects seem possible.

The numerous churches throughout the country are very picturesque with their endless cupolas and domes, often roofed or faced with the old tiles, which apparently cannot now be reproduced ; but as the colour is almost invariably blue and yellow the combination did not appeal much to me. On the other hand, modern Mexico floods its buildings and walls with coloured washes, which, after the summer rains, mellow down and become stained in a way that is often very pleasing to the artist's eye, and lends the charm of colour to what would otherwise be ugly. The interiors of churches are very disappointing, crowded with fantastic gilding and atrocious figures and pictures, and gaudy tinsel draperies. I have more than once seen real human hair pasted on the head of a ghastly image of Christ, and other like horrors, though now and again one sees some beautiful work, such as the carving and inlaying inside Puebla Cathedral, where there are also several magnificent tapestries ; but, on the whole, there is little to paint. Working one day in a church in Mexico City, where the darkness of the interior cast a glamour over the poor decorations] and the kneeling figures, the

Painting in Mexico

verger went away to his dinner and locked me in, I suppose with the idea of securing his tip; but I found a large hole in the floor where new foundations were being laid, and which eventually led out to the street, so I jumped down and escaped. It would have been good to see the old fellow's face when he returned. I had had considerable difficulty in getting permission to paint in this church; at first they looked at me with much suspicion, and afterwards thought it lent them dignity to keep me waiting on tenterhooks for a long period, seated in a stuffy sacristy with fat clerics taking snuff round me, and endeavouring from time to time to satisfy their curiosity through the medium of my limited Spanish.

Autumn and winter are the best times for outdoor work in Mexico, for in spring wind and dust begin, and the difference they make is amazing; not only is it extremely difficult to make everything secure from the sudden whirls that make the easel turn somersaults and send the stretcher against one's nose or face down in the dust, but the whole aspect of nature is changed; the distance vanishes completely, blotted out by a thick atmosphere of dust, and colour seems merged in a continuous sand tint. In places the dust storms are appalling; things that must be seen to be realised.

In summer the rains come, but they tell me that though there is a deluge every afternoon the mornings are almost uniformly fine, and that the colouring after the rains is very wonderful and lovely.

I travelled many hundreds of miles and painted in eleven different centres, yet I only gained knowledge of a quite limited portion of the country within a radius of Mexico City.

It is a very big country, Mexico, comprising every variety of town from a more or less up-to-date city with handsome modern buildings, electric light and tramways, down to "adobe" villages and towns of one-storied houses with most primitive customs; landscapes of all sorts, from bare and colourless desert to the most luxuriant and tropical verdure, or stretches of beautiful trees—ash and others, like our Northern kinds—to great mountain ranges and snow-capped peaks, most of which are volcanic. The great Popocatapetl, which we learnt about in our early geography and read of in Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," is a beautiful giant of over 17,000 feet, and he and his wife, Ixtaccihuatl, dominate the landscape for a great distance around, although the effect of their height is diminished by the fact that they rise from ground already 5,000 to 7,000 feet above the sea. Unlike



"THE GORGE, NEXACA"

BY MARY BARTON

Painting in Mexico

the snow-capped mountains of other countries that I have seen, they are seldom hard and clear-cut against the sky, but surrounded by an impalpable haze, which lends them a delicate poetical mystery all their own; and one does not wonder that the Aztecs worshipped them as gods.

The villages are often picturesque, mainly because of the coloured houses and the porticos in front of the funny little shops, and the market-places are generally very quaint with their booths and masses of coloured fruit, painted gourds and stuffs. The women's clothes strike me as very graceful, much like those of the women of India, a long straight piece plaited into the waist, the head and shoulders covered with another—the saree of India, the shawl of Ireland, the rebosa of Mexico—always paintable, showing the shape of the head and shoulders; but the colours in Mexico are not those of India, seldom varying from a washing blue material or a woollen black, which are generally finished with a knotted fringe. I have seen some beautiful mauve and purple ones worn with two other shades of the same colour in blouse and skirt, for the ordinary modern skirt largely obtains nowadays; but other varieties are

fine mixtures which are quite ineffective at a distance. The men's hats dominate everything, always large-brimmed and high-crowned, but of inconceivable variety of shape, in fine and coarse straw and black and coloured felts, these last often embroidered with monograms or patterned borders in tinsel and silk. The effect of a crowd is unique—a sea of hats as broad as the shoulders, and nothing else visible from behind save of the few on the outskirts. The men wear very tight trousers and a shirt worn outside or a short tight jacket, their whole appearance being to me more theatrical than picturesque; but to see them ride and to see them lasso bulls from horseback or pick up a dropped cord or whip at full trot excite ones enthusiasm.

They are like children, laughing at everything that astonishes or pleases them, and eat quantities of sweetmeats, the trays of which, at every corner and in rows in the market-place, are quite a feature. At night all carry little lanterns, like glow-worms dotted about, and which in moonlight, or even under an electric arc light in the gathering place of a small town, with crowds of shrouded figures (for at night and whenever it is



"AN AVENUE IN MEXICO"

Painting in Mexico



"SUNSET AT CUERNAVACA"

BY MARY BARTON



"AFTER-GLOW, CUERNAVACA"

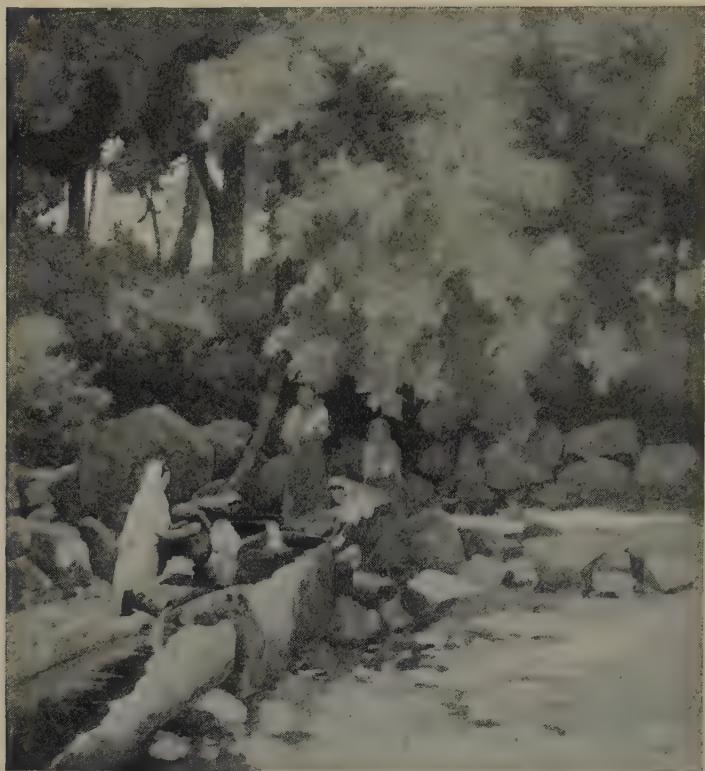
BY MARY BARTON

colder the men wrap themselves in blankets), make a scene of weird beauty.

Water is the thing most lacking in Mexican landscape, but there are some lakes with fine hills round them, and one that I painted—Lake Patzcuaro—reminded me somewhat of Como in its surroundings and Y shape, and of Maggiore because of its islands. There is a wonderful place called Necaxa, where a small river used to take two great leaps of a thousand feet each into a gorge below, but which has been dammed up by a "Light and Power" company, forming, strange to say, a beautiful lake, which seems to nestle

quite naturally among the great hills, though it has buried two villages and their churches. With the exception of the panorama at Darjeeling, the most beautiful thing I have ever seen is at Necaxa — a deep gorge winding away into the blue distance, tree-clothed and full of exquisite colour, the heights mostly flat-topped and beautiful in their steep slopes, the verdure endless in its variety, from glorious soaring pines to every kind of shrub, flower, and fern—tropical or those of cold countries, it seems to suit them all. I picked fourteen kinds of fern in five minutes, while I gazed up the cliffs at great

Studio-Talk



"A VILLAGE WASHING PLACE"

BY MARY BARTON

beauties which we cherish
in hot-houses at home.

Mexico is a wonderful country of interest and beauty, quite unexploited by the European artist, and thoroughly repays one for the long voyage and the various discomforts of travel in its interior, which are much alleviated by the kind hospitality and sympathy of the scattered English residents.

M. B.

The new Turner Wing added to the National Gallery of British Art at Millbank, by the gift of the late Sir Joseph Duveen, and containing the pictures and drawings from the Turner Collection, was opened to the public last month.



"GARDEN OF THE SAN ANGEL INN"

BY MARY BARTON

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—At a meeting of the Royal Academy held at the close of June Mr. Charles Napier Hemy, A.R.A., so widely known as a painter of marine pictures, was promoted to full membership. Mr. Hemy, who was born in 1841, is a native of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and it was at the Art school of that town that he received his first training in art. His first Academy picture was exhibited when he was twenty-four, after which he went to the Antwerp Academy and became a pupil of Baron Leys, a celebrated painter of historic *genre*. Since 1870 he has lived and worked for the most part in England, making his home from 1882 onwards at Falmouth. He was elected

Studio-Talk



"MOUNTAINS, FROM CUERNAVACA"

BY MARY BARTON



"IXBACCIHUATL"

(See article on "Painting in Mexico")

BY MARY BARTON

A.R.A. in 1898, and the year before he was made a member of the Old Water-Colour Society. Two of his works have been purchased by the Chantrey Trustees.

Mr. Adrian Stokes, who has been made A.R.A., was a student of the Royal Academy Schools, and first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1876, when he was twenty-two, and he has been a constant exhibitor ever since. The Chantrey Trustees have on two occasions purchased works by him.

The display of British art at the Japan-British Exhibition this summer is in one respect more noteworthy than that which attracted so much attention in the same building two years ago on the occasion of the Franco-British Exhibition—that is, as regards the number of contemporary artists who are represented. The aim on this occasion has been to get together a collection representing every phase of the national art, and instead of inviting societies to arrange contributions, the organisers have sought to obtain from the individual

Studio-Talk

artist himself the work by which he would wish to be represented. The result of this policy has been that somewhere near 700 artists have contributed works to the collection, for with very few exceptions the examples exhibited appear to have come straight from their studios. But for the absence of several eminent names from the list, one could justifiably speak of the collection as really representative of British art as it stands to-day, though there would not be the same justification for asserting that the particular work or works by which each individual artist is represented can be regarded as his best; in that respect the present exhibition certainly falls short of its predecessor. Whatever defects it reveals, however, the display is one which is worthy of close study, for it gives a good idea of the average achievement of the contemporary British school.

We give on this page a reproduction from a picture by Miss Edith Gunther—a portrait life-sized and of unusual accomplishment, especially in view of a rather brief studentship in painting. The artist is now a pupil of Mr. William Orpen, in which fact itself many will recognise the high compliment to her powers, and she was well represented in the last exhibition of the New English Art Club.

Sir William Eden has been holding an exhibition of his water-colours at the Carfax Gallery. He is an artist who is approaching that pitch of sympathy between the vision and the touch which makes a sketch delightful. If sometimes the hand fails him, the vision is never commonplace. A debt is recognisable to Whistler, and perhaps to Brabazon, but it is impossible to owe such a thing as a sense of colour—which is Sir William Eden's—to anybody.

Though the number of works which formed the third London salon of the Allied Artists' Association at the Royal Albert Hall last month was considerably less than last year, the collection was much too vast to permit of any-

thing like a detailed notice in the brief space at our disposal here. A backbone was given to the display by the work of certain very able painters, members of the Association, and if their loyalty does not fail, there is every chance that the scheme will resolve itself into an annual event of much importance, with a character all its own, and a purpose not to be fulfilled under any other conditions. These shows do not depend upon the attitude of the critical and expert world of art towards them at all; they depend upon the discrimination of the public, who are the jury to whom the works are referred, and whose encouragement is essential if the movement is to be a success.

Mdlle. Mathilde Sée's water-colours of flowers, lately shown at McLean's Gallery, must have pleased both many lovers of flowers and many lovers of art. Those who like flowers in pictures



PORTRAIT

BY EDITH GUNTHER



"WHITEWAYS, ROTTINGDEAN" (By permission of Messrs. William Marchant & Co.) BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON

suffer somewhat cruelly from bad paintings of them, and all such must have greeted Mdlle. Sée's studies with genuine pleasure.

Those who remain to be convinced that there is a sense in which there is only one art should have paid a visit to Mr. William Nicholson's exhibition of Rottingdean landscapes at the Chenil Gallery, Chelsea, last month. There is poetry in these of the kind that is in "Gray's Elegy," of the stillness of evening and the loneliness of lonely pathways. Yet no one is more purely a painter than Mr. Nicholson. He has sometimes been tempted to merely "effective" touches of colour, as an escape, no doubt, from the charge of painting in low-tones. Putting aside the defence of the low scale of this artist's palette, we confess we have sometimes been inclined to lose our belief in him as colourist from his habit of resorting to this poster-device of pretty colour touches. Here, where he has left them severely alone, far from finding his canvases monochromes dependent on such touches, we

perceive an underlying sense of colour, restrained and quiet enough, but undoubtedly there, making itself felt emotionally and with more real effect than ever.

The exhibition of the drawings by George Du Maurier at the Leicester Gallery has proved that they possess elements as works of art which will never become *démodé*. Even the satire in them so far reaches below the surface as to survive the passage of the fashions with which it was at the moment engaged. Whilst well appreciated, Du Maurier has, as an artist, always been underrated. He rivalled the best impressionists in his ability to compose with a natural sense of design from the lines of the subject in hand. It is true he gave too much consideration to that very conventionalism of which he pretended to be the satirist; as an artist he sacrificed himself all round to conventions, not only of art, but of what was required of an artist in a period notably failing in appreciation of everything that did not bear the

Studio-Talk

drawing-room stamp of finish. His weaknesses, however, seem those of the man rather than of the artist, and no matter what he did, a great sense of beauty comes uppermost in his designs, and a responsiveness to the very spirit of the scenes that engaged him, which is in its essence one of the features of the kind of art that lives.

Among the examples of portrait sculpture in this year's Academy exhibition, the bust, *La Rose*, by Mr. F. Lynn Jenkins, here reproduced, must certainly be counted as of particular importance. In its technical qualities, indeed, this bust is quite remarkable; the subtlety of its modelling, the sensitiveness of its rendering of flesh texture, and the delicacy of its suggestion of forms and contours can be unre-servedly praised, and it has a strength of statement that makes it unusually convincing. In its intelligent characterisation it is a typical illustration of the best side of modern sculpture, and it does great credit to the able artist by whom it was produced.

The wood-engraving by Mr. Sydney Lee which we reproduce opposite is one which ably represented his work in this medium at the exhibition of the Society of Graver-Printers in Colour recently held at the galleries of Messrs. Manzi, Joyant & Co., and *à propos* of which an article appeared in our May number over the name of the Society's honorary secretary, Mr. W. Lee Hankey.

At the Leicester Galleries last month were to be seen some very attractive water-colours of Japan by Mr. Walter Tyndale—of

Japan as everybody wishes it to be, and according to Mr. Tyndale as it is, at least for those with the perceptions of an artist.

The Royal Society of Miniature Painters' fifteenth annual exhibition was one upon which the Society can be greatly congratulated. It was hung at the Gallery of the Old Water-Colour Society with a care which made examination of the work a very pleasant task indeed. Works which we remember as distinctive features were two miniatures by Mr. Alyn Williams, Mr. Lionel Heath's *Sally*; *An Early Victorian*, by Miss Florence White; a case



"LA ROSE"

BY F. LYNN JENKINS



"WALBERSWICK BRIDGE." FROM
THE WOOD ENGRAVING BY SYDNEY LEE.

Studio-Talk

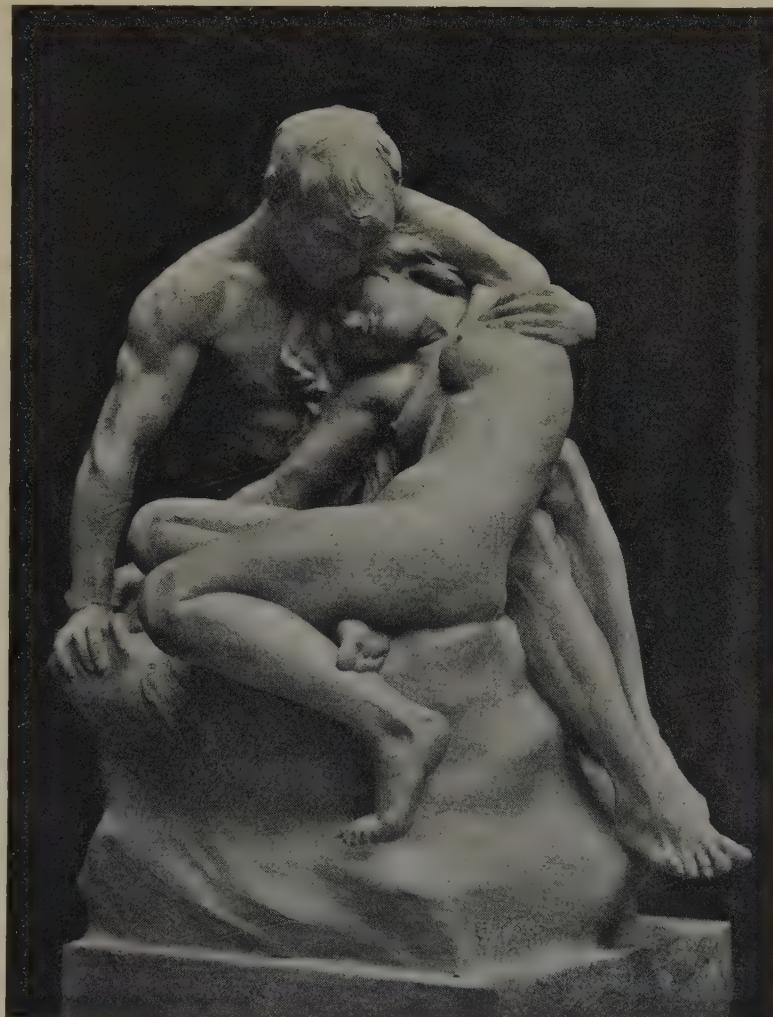
of four miniatures by Mabel Lee Hankey; *Miss Picket*, by Rosalie Emslie; *A Portrait*, by Myra Luxmore. A really delightful work of art was Mr. Hal Hurst's *Miss Mischief*; some of his work was too large, but *Yvonne* was one of the most charming things in the room. Miss E. G. Wolfe's *The Heir*, Miss Alice James' *Yolande*, Miss Eleanor Palmer's *Nancy*, the enamel, *When the World was Young*, by Mrs. Ernestine Mills, and the *Portrait in Enamels*, by Alexander Fisher; also the coloured wax, No. 190, by Miss Nelia Casella, and the relief *Portrait of a Child*, by Rose M. Dakin, were among the most interesting things in the Gallery.

LIVERPOOL.—The Liverpool Academy, after many vicissitudes, commemorated its centenary this year by an exhibition in the Walker Art Gallery, where it appeared with a renewed vitality. In its well produced catalogue Mr. E. Rimbault Dibdin has related the stormy history of its early connection with the pre-Raphaelite movement, besides other interesting facts, in a succinct form. Though many of the pictures had figured at comparatively recent exhibitions, they were re-assembled, with later productions, to illustrate more fully the work of living members of the Academy; and being happily grouped upon the walls, the general arrangement reflected credit upon the hangers. —

The President, J. Y. Dawbarn, M.A., had several fine pictures of Dutch architecture charged with human association, the sombre atmosphere giving telling effect to his groups of figures, all admirably composed. R. G. Hincliffe, who works under influence of traditions

derived from Rubens and the Italian masters, had two important pictures. The local portraitists were very prominent. R. E. Morrison, who has the gift for seeing the inward characteristics of his sitters, was represented by several works of distinction. G. Hall Neale betrayed no diminution of his skill as a cultivated and experienced technician, his *Right Hon. Joseph Ball* being exceptionally strong and virile. Other good portraiture was contributed by F. T. Copnall, Mrs. Maud Hall Neale, J. V. Parsons, J. Hamilton Hay and Gilbert Rogers; also a good picture, *Her Dearest*, by Miss C. G. Copeman, R.C.A., and two clever dog portraits by W. Wardlaw Laing.

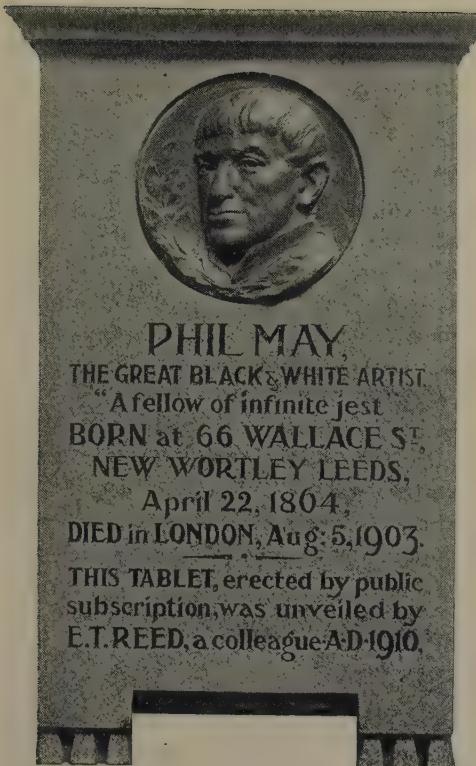
Landscape had a few gifted interpreters, prominent among whom were Herbert Royle, A. E. Brockbank, J. T. Watts, R.C.A., A. C. Meyer,



"THE WOMAN WHOM THOU GAVEST TO BE WITH ME." BY CHARLES J. ALLEN



"LOVE AND THE MERMAID"
BY CHARLES J. ALLEN



PHIL MAY MEMORIAL TABLET
E. CALDWELL SPRUCE, SCULPTOR

A.R.E., Isaac Cooke, R.B.A., W. Follen Bishop, R.B.A., J. Clinton Jones, R.C.A., Mrs. Lilian Bell, Richard Hartley, Miss Georgina Laing, Mrs. Kate Sargent, Mrs. L. M. Watts and G. H. A. Brown. The room of Water-Colours had some interesting contributions from Geo. Cockram, who seeks for fine effects in a single key of colour, as in his *Silent Sea*, admirable for its rendering of atmosphere.

In sculpture, many examples of the work of C. J. Allen showed his true sympathy with sane and serious endeavour. He has a peculiar gift of blending power and grace so as to produce exceptional results. *Love Tangles, Rescued, The Woman Thou gavest to be with Me* (all bronzes), together with *Love and the Mermaid*, all displayed his tendency to gracefulness, with a thorough knowledge of anatomy. J. H. Morcom's work, as in his *Nature, The Captive and Trophy*, showed much ability and fine artistic feeling. H. B. B.

LEEDS.—Phil May has not had so long to wait as some before receiving recognition from his native city. An influential and representative committee, under the Chairmanship of Councillor E. R. Phillips, has commenced the collection of a number of original drawings by him for presentation to the Art Gallery, and has already placed a mural tablet on the house in which the artist was born. This was unveiled on June 25 by Mr. E. T. Reed, a colleague of Phil May on the staff of *Punch*, who paid a warm tribute to the deceased artist, who, he said, had "made in a few years, and against a heavy tide of difficulty at the outset, a reputation which was not only profoundly to his credit, but an abiding honour to his craft and his country." The tablet is of grey granite, with a inset bronze medallion portrait, which Mr. Reed described as a "magnificent likeness." In this connection it may be noted that Mr. E. Caldwell Spruce, of Leeds, who designed and executed the tablet, was an old friend of Phil May, and was therefore exceptionally qualified for the task. The tablet has become the property of the Leeds City Council.



"THE HAY WAGGON" (WATER COLOUR) BY FRED. W. JACKSON

Studio Talk

MANCHESTER.—A quarter of a century ago Manchester held quite an important position in the art world. To-day, however, that may be disputed, though to argue this point is not our object, only one notes with regret how those who might have maintained her early possession have sought other fields. Whether this be lack of appreciation, Manchester must think for itself; but one admires the staunchness of Fred. W. Jackson remaining true to his homeland against many odds. His influence on many of the younger Manchester artists is quite marked, and, considering the superiority of his vision and sentiment, it is distinctly for the good.

Unaffected in mannerism, with a genuine, gifted feeling for technique, Mr. Jackson's work gives one a great sense of breadth and light, the domi-

nant emotion never being sacrificed for alluring detail. Noticeable in his *Early Morning, Florence*, is the intuitive skill with which the accents of form and tone, and the notes and masses of colour give the vitality to the impression. In *Near Montreuil-sur-Mer*, the same captivating spirit expressing the prevailing qualities, renders the scene local and characteristic. Quite beautiful in colour, *The Hay Waggon* is less interesting in subject and arrangement. One feels the sensation of its slipping too much to the right, though one cannot but admire the assurance of handling.

Mr. Jackson is an enthusiastic worker, and from time to time exhibitions in Manchester of his year's sketches are quite a revelation of his command of the various mediums, and his power in catching the light and colour living in the external show of those things that appeal to him. E. A. T.



"NEAR MONTREUIL-SUR-MER" (WATER-COLOUR)

BY FRED. W. JACKSON



"EARLY MORNING, FLORENCE." FROM THE
WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY FRED. W. JACKSON.



"THE MERCENARIES"

(*Society of Scottish Artists*)

BY WALTER GRIEVE

EDINBURGH.—Though enriched by several notable examples of the work of the two recently deceased Scotsmen, Sir W. Q. Orchardson and Mr. William McTaggart, men of such widely divergent artistic view, the Eighteenth Annual Exhibition of the Society of Scottish Artists must justify its existence on what the society as an exhibiting organisation is able to place before the public of its own work. One gratifying feature of the past has been the loyalty shown to the society by members who have passed beyond the need of its help. They have not forgotten, and to-day their support is as whole-hearted as ever. But can the society appeal to the world without them? The present exhibition provides the answer. Fully a hundred members, excluding Academicians or Associates, exhibit in addition to a nearly similar number of those who are not connected with any art organisation. The sum total of the work is a little over 200 oil-paintings, 155 water-colour drawings, and a very few sculptures and miniatures. A certain proportion of this work is immature and uninspiring, but there is a sufficient quantity to show the vitality of the society, and that, untrammelled by tradition or convention, it has still a future before it.

The new chairman, Mr. Robert Hope, has sent an important work in *The Rehearsal*. The theme is old enough, but Mr. Hope has worked it out with an Orchardsonian appreciation of the value of unoccupied space, convincing draughtsmanship and subtlety and purity of colour. The grace and beauty of womanhood make a greater appeal to Mr. Hope than mental emotions, and he has never so well expressed himself as in this tenderly painted work. Another member of the society who has made a forward step is Mr. Mason Hunter, whose *St. Monans* is a well-composed picture of fishing boats, between the double lines of which one has a peep of the picturesque houses of the village perched on the rising cliff.

Mr. Walter Grieve's *The Mercenaries* is one of the outstanding canvases of the exhibition. It is the most important work the artist has painted, and notwithstanding one or two obvious defects in drawing, is to be welcomed as a departure from Scottish tradition that gives promise of greater achievement. Mr. Graham Glen, last year's chairman, has a fairly good portrait of Councillor Douglas in his robes, but better work is shown in his *Border Maiden*, a peasant girl of an interesting type. Mr. W. M. Frazer, also a past chairman,



"THE REHEARSAL"
BY ROBERT HOPE

(Society of Scottish Artists)



"THE DINNER HOUR"

(*Grosse Berliner Kunst-Ausstellung*)

BY FRIEDRICH KALLMORGEN

has not produced finer landscape work than in his *September on the Tyne* (East Lothian), where a greater attention to form has been expressed without loss of free brush work. Mr. Marshall Brown in *Baiting the Line* presents a pleasant vision of a fisher mother at work and her child at play in the cottage garden. Mr. E. A. Walton's *Sunset* is a welcome departure in concentration of effect and warmth of colour. Mr. Robert Noble's *Tyningshame* is a glowing East Lothian harvest landscape, and Mr. J. Campbell Noble's *The Heart of the Trossachs* is a convincing essay in purples, greens and blues.

Mr. Stanley Cursiter is to be commended for his venture into the imaginative, a field in which Scottish artists show little desire to walk. *The Bridge* is inspired by a Scandinavian Edda, in which a northern *Belle Dame sans Merci* is leading a knight across the bridge which divides earth from the nether world. In *Sheep Shearing*,

by Mr. George Smith, the incident drops out of sight in the beauty of the composition, and the silvery quality of the colour is more suggestive of a pleasant pastoral than of any operation. The impressive *Nightfall, Auchnacree Moss*, by Mr. Campbell Mitchell, which was one of the *chefs d'œuvre* of the recent Stirling exhibition, has undergone some reconsideration, but it is questionable if the artist has bettered the solemn mystery of the night by lightening the sky. Mr. A. Percy Dixon in *Ill-gotten Gains* has thrown his group of highwaymen into very bold relief by the lamplight on the moor; and Mr. A. E. Borthwick's version of *On Earth Peace, Goodwill to Men*, is quite an original treatment of the Shepherds' vision. The Fifeshire village of Mr. James Riddell is a well-compared rendering of muted sunshine.

Portraiture is weak. The exceptions are Mr. J. P. Barclay's portrait of *An Old Woman in a Red Shawl*, Mr. David Alison's sparkling *Sunshine*

Studio-Talk

and *Shade*, and Mr. Hamilton Mackenzie's *Alec and Kirkwood Fairlie*. Mr. W. Caldwell Crawford's *Old Bead Necklace* is delicately phrased, but it is too suggestive of the feminine asleep in the contemplation of adornment.

In the water-colour room Mr. R. B. Nisbet's *A Highland Moor in Autumn*, with its purpled sky and modulation of rich tints; and Mr. Stanley Cursiter's *The Window*, are prominent features. Mr. James Paterson's *Montrichard, Touraine*; Mr. William Walls' *A Sunny Nook* (a study of a sleeping dog); winter effects by Mr. Stratton Ferrier and Mr. Ewan Geddes; *The South Wind*, a phantasy by Miss Margaret S. Dobson; and Miss Katherine Cameron's *Autumn Rose*, are all drawings of merit.

A. E.

BERLIN.—The importance of the great Berlin Art Exhibition this year lies in the fact that local talent becomes prominent for the first time. This assertion of self-esteem appears justified in presence of many works which would contribute favourably to any prominent exhibition. There is no creative genius among our local artists, no startling talent that breaks away from precedent, no new Menzel

has yet been born, but we possess a good many artists who claim our close attention. Portraiture makes a distinguished appearance in the works of Georg Ludwig Meyn, Rudolf Schulte im Hofe, Fritz Burger, Fenner-Behmer and Kiesel; especially Meyn deserves his success for the impressive rendering of the pithy personality of the sculptor Peter Breuer. Landscapists of repute like Alfred Scherres, Fritz and Louis Douzette, Heffner, Langhammer, Hoffmann von Fallersleben, Saltzmann, Bohrhardt and Uth, have given new proofs of their ability, and fresh strivers like Hartig, Licht, Sandrock, Lejeune, Wendel, Köcke, Türcke, Wildhagen, Schinkel, Kolbe, Eschke and Kayser-Eichberg, claim attention on the ground of personal and interesting characteristics. These young men cultivate either the energetic or the subtle stroke, but they are all students of reality who scan light and air with great persistence. Lejeune, a Bracht pupil, has carried off the palm this year with his large canvas, *Hewing the Ice*, which tells its message convincingly and, in spite of all its verity, with real distinction.

The realistic genre-picture finds some conspicuous representatives in Kallmorgen, Looschen, Engel, Hans Herrmann, and the late much-

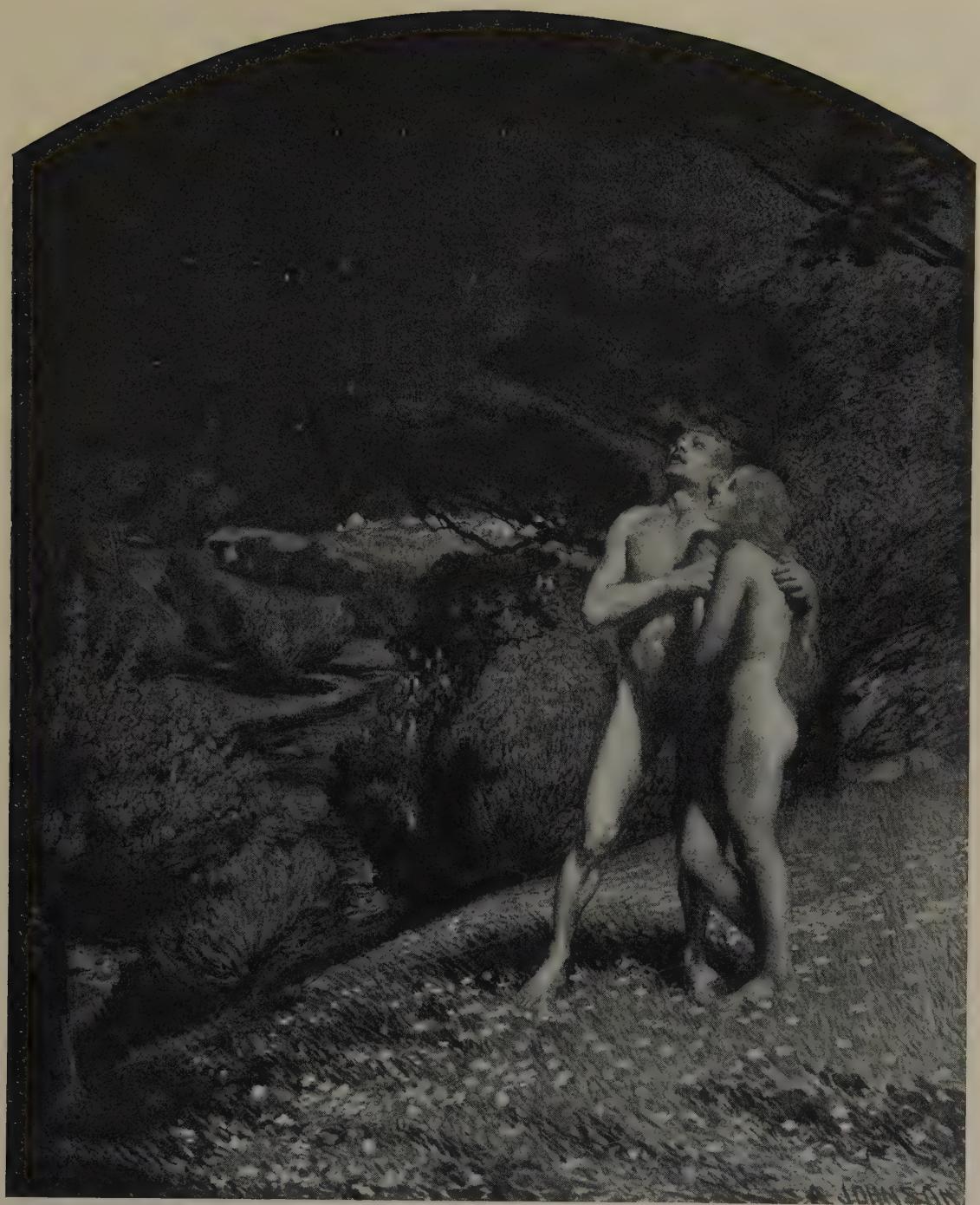


"PARK"

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(*Grosse Berliner Kunst-Ausstellung*)

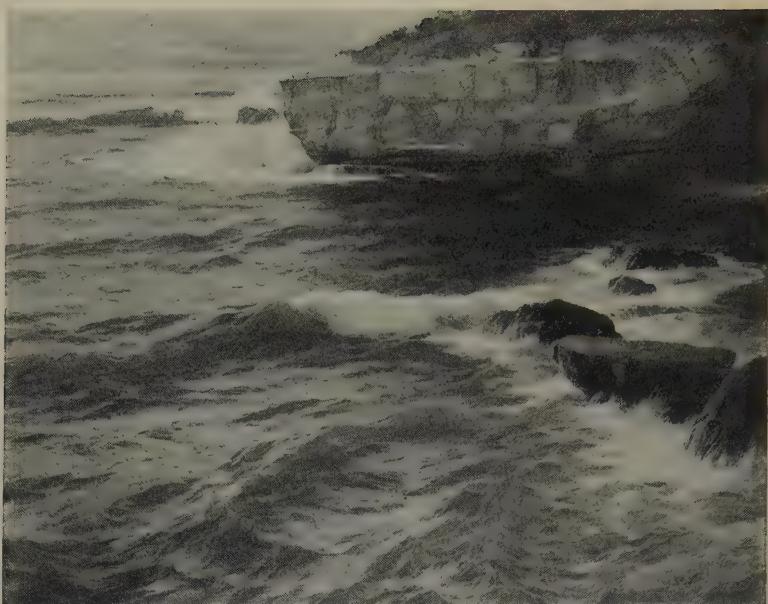
BY CARL LANGHAMMER



"AND GOD SPAKE TO THEM"
(Grosse Berliner Kunst-Ausstellung)

BY ARTHUR JOHNSON

Studio-Talk



"CAPE ST. MARTIN, NEAR BIARRITZ"
(*Grosse Berliner Kunst-Ausstellung*)

BY CARL BOEHME

lamented Skarbina. Professor Kallmorgen, the president of this year's jury, and one to whom many of our most promising youths owe their training, has set a fine example of sound brushwork in his Hamburg harbour-piece, *The Dinner Hour*, which is equally genuine in the rendition of stormy river scenery as in that of the crowds of boatmen. The young artist, Franz Eichhorst, claims particular comment for his *Holiday on the Common*,

Eickhof-Reitzenstein, Hughitt Haliday and Adele von Finck. Benedicta Cæsar, a pupil of Herkomer, has accomplished a lady's portrait which combines charm with decided *facture*.

Berlin also possesses a few painters with the imaginative gift. Raffael Schuster-Woldan, who is just now concentrating his energies on the mural paintings for the parliament building, has only



"THE CARRIER"

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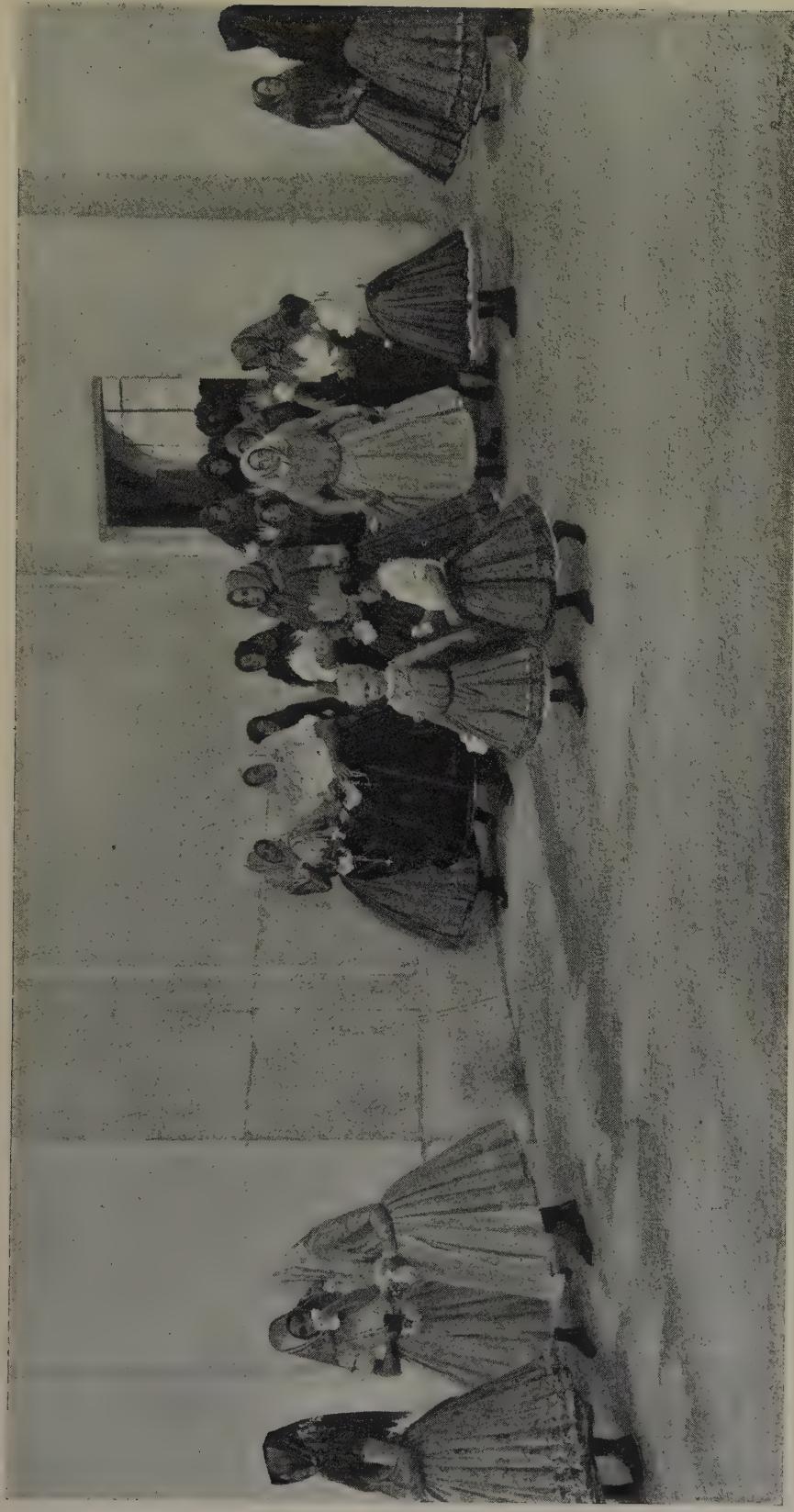
(*Grosse Berliner Kunst-Ausstellung*)

BY P. F. MESSERSCHMITT

which reveals quite unusual decorative and colouristic qualities. He proves himself a perspicacious observer of the Berliner "cockney" type, and at the same time shows an unusual gift of spiritualising by grouping and illumination. Pfuhle is prominent in sensitive and almost stern draughtsmanship; Herbert Arnold, an entertaining illustrator and subtle colourist; and Curt Messerschmidt, Tilke, Bremer, and Schlichting all deserve particular attention. Ladies who know how to evolve peculiar psychic attractions from female models are Marie von

"THE YOUNG WOMEN OF THE
VILLAGE." BY FRANZ PACZKA

(*Grosse Berliner Kunst-Ausstellung*)





"THE HOLIDAY ON THE COMMON"

(*Grosse Berliner Kunst-Ausstellung*)

BY FRANZ EICHHORST

sent the distinguished portrait of a young girl. Franz Paczka contributes a fine piece of flesh-painting in his *Emese*, the mythological ancestress of Hungaria, and among his customary Hungarian peasant pictures, *The Young Women of the Village* furnishes the most striking evidence of a national colour taste of quite incomparable gaiety. The American, Arthur Johnson, a resident of Berlin, exhibits some of his strange emotional phantasies which are so lovingly executed.

Some of the chief attractions come from Vienna. John Quincy Adams excels in the charming portrait-group of his family which treats the adoration of the babe in quite an original conception and with distinguished colour harmonies. Nikolaus Schattenstein is duly admired for his delightful portrait of *Frau Dr. Auernheimer*, and H. von Angeli confirms an established reputation by some portraits. The Belgian Laermans is represented by some characteristic labourer-pictures which always create a singular impression by their admixture of pathos and caricature. Holland has sent the excellent landscapist A. M. Gorter, and a contribution from M. Monnickendam, *Lecture in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers in Paris*, a startling study of physiognomies and illumination.

No invitations were sent this year to painter-groups in the German towns of artistic repute, as the intention was to give precedence to Berlin. Only Julius Bergmann of Karlsruhe, the animal-painter, has received the honours of a comprehensive show, and this distinction seems to me to be quite justified. He displays a wonderful charm of almost mysterious colour-harmony when he depicts the lonely herdsman and his herd in twilight or dusk. It is always a source of pleasure when Karl Boehme of Karlsruhe is to be studied in one of his Mediterranean pieces. His *Cape St. Martin, near Biarritz* is most fortunate again in the rendering of emerald waves and russet cliffs. Some renowned Munich painters, especially Hans von Bartels, have sent meritorious works, among which Pius Ferdinand Messerschmitt's dramatic *The Carrier* must not pass unnoticed. J. J.

VENICE.—By way of supplementing the illustrations we gave last month from the Italian works shown in the present International Art Exhibition of the City of Venice, we give opposite a reproduction of a painting by Alessandro Milesi, who was briefly referred to in the notes on the Italian sections. Signor Milesi belongs to the Venetian group,



"THE MODEL"
BY ALESSANDRO MILESI

(*Venice International Art Exhibition*)



"MY STUDIO, 1907"

BY TINA BLAU-LANG

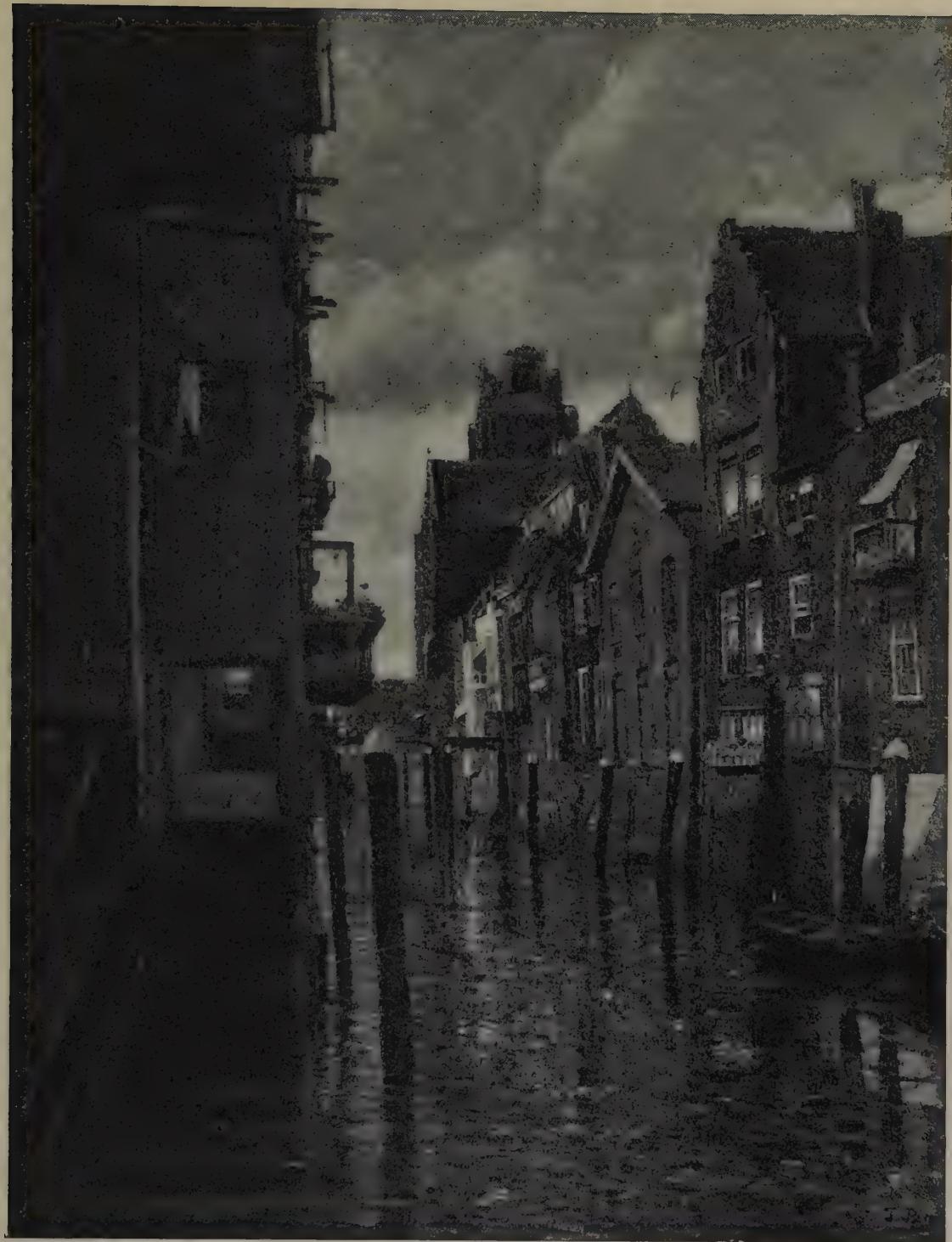
which with its contributions from Ettore Tito and other prominent painters, presents one of the strongest displays this year. Milesi's vivacious rendering of feminine personality has given him an honourable place in modern Italian art, and he has besides achieved no small amount of success as a painter of male portraits, an example being his portrait of Carducci, reproduced in *THE STUDIO* for September, 1907.

VIENNA.—A "one woman" show was a rare event in Vienna till Tina Blau-Lang, or, as she is more familiarly known, Tina Blau, made the venture at Arnot's Galleries some little while ago. That she was justified in her intrepidity was proved by the fact that the exhibition was visited by a large number of distinguished people, among them the Emperor himself. Tina Blau's merits have, however, long been recognised, and she may be said to have made the Prater her own as a field of work, for no

one knows this favourite haunt of Viennese society more intimately than she; for many years she dwelt and worked within its precincts, in the studio which she has so lovingly rendered in the picture here reproduced.

Tina Blau belongs to the older school of artists. In her youth she studied at Munich and on her return to Vienna worked in Schindler's studio. In the early days of her career she had a liking for painting architecture, but for many years she discarded this subject for landscape painting; lately, however, her old passion has revived, mainly as the result of a visit to Holland, where the picturesqueness of the architecture appealed strongly to her.

Tina Blau's work always bears the stamp of sincerity. Her colouring is delicate and graceful, always veracious, but also always supplemented by that touch of spirituality which awakens higher



"VORSTRAATHAVEN, DORDRECHT"
BY TINA BLAU-LANG

Studio-Talk

feelings without descending to mere sentimentality. Her pictures have found a place in the Imperial Gallery in Vienna and other public galleries and private collections. She has been a constant exhibitor for many years at the Künstlerhaus. The two pictures here reproduced count among her recent work, the Dutch picture being one of last year's products. She is sixty-three years old and proud of her years.

Etching is becoming more and more popular among Austrian artists, owing largely, no doubt, to the influence of Prof. Unger, who numbers among his former pupils many of the leading Austrian etchers. One of them, Fritz Pontini, is a regular exhibitor at the Künstlerhaus, where his work has been well received by both public and critics. His prints are finding their way into important collections, public and private, here and elsewhere on the continent. Pontini is Italian in name only; he comes from romantic Egerland in Bohemia, but was educated in Vienna at the Imperial Academy. He possesses that power of rapid and

accurate observation which is so important a factor in etching. The two etchings here reproduced are good examples of his methods. The view of *The Sarcathal*, seen from Arco, shows his power of rendering broad vistas without undue superfluity of strokes. That melancholy aspect which the valley always seems to wear—and which has inspired so many artists and poets—is well expressed. There is in fact here, as in his other work, that subtle feeling which the Germans aptly call "Stimmung." In the etching of *Evening*, in which we are shown a bit of Egerland (a practically unexplored field to artists at large), the broad masses of light and shade have been well translated by the artist's needle.

A. S. L.

BRUSSELS.—The great event of the present year in Brussels is of course the International and Universal Exhibition, located on a large site close to the picturesque Bois de la Cambre. Applied or decorative art is in one or other shape and in varying degrees a feature of the different national



"THE SARCATHAL" (ETCHING)



"EVENING" (ETCHING)

BY FRITZ PONTINI

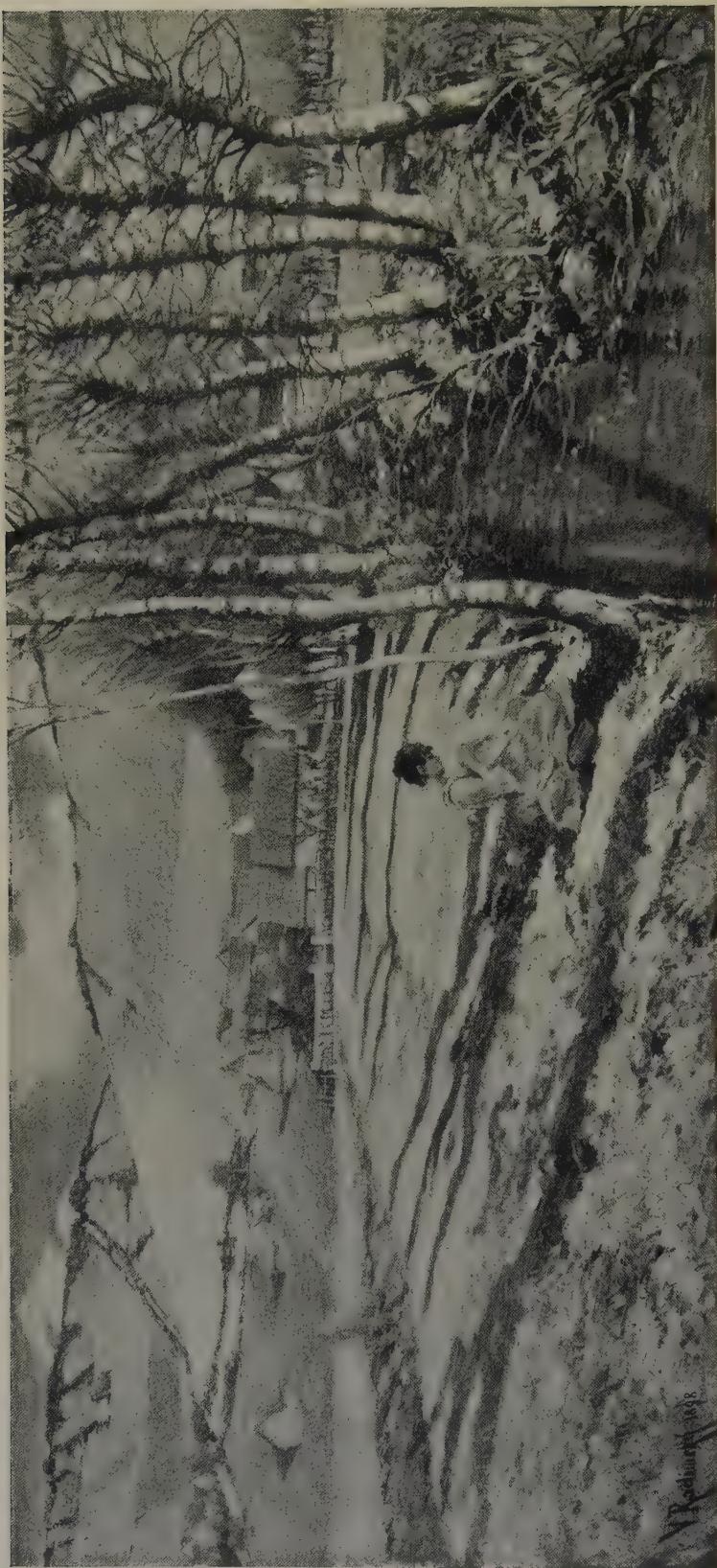
sections, but in the British section the chief interest centres in the ceramic exhibits, which collectively demonstrate the high position held by British products of this class. The cases containing the articles sent over by the Pilkington Company, Wedgwoods, the Ruskin Pottery Works, Doulton, and other potteries have attracted much attention, and, to judge by the number of tickets bearing the word "Vendu," purchasers also. In other branches of applied art, however, the British section is disappointing in its meagreness, and, taken as a whole, it cannot be said that the contemporary arts and crafts of Great Britain are at all worthily represented. No blame for this attaches to those to whom the organisation of the section was entrusted, for the grant made by the Treasury for this and the Italian exhibition to be held next year necessarily entailed limitations.

The German Government, however, has been

more generous, and the result is that a far more comprehensive representation of modern German decorative and applied art is to be found in their section, which has the advantage of an independent suite of buildings specially designed for the occasion by the eminent architect, Prof. Emanuel von Seidl. These buildings, with their rough-cast walls and dark tiled roofs, are characteristically German, and form a marked contrast to the other buildings of the exhibition. Nor has there been any stint in the application of distinguished talent to the fitting out of the interiors. For most of these Prof. Bruno Paul, the leading exponent of "Raumkunst" in Berlin, is responsible, others who have been entrusted with the interior arrangements being Architect Otto Walter, of Berlin, Prof. Peter Behrens, Prof. M. Dülfer and Architect Oskar Menzel, of Dresden, Prof. Seeck, of Steglitz. Here again the designs are significant of the aims which the leading modern architects of Germany are seeking to realise, and about which something was said in the last volume of THE STUDIO YEAR BOOK OF DECORATIVE ART. For the artist-

craftsman, however, the feature of principal interest in the German section is the extensive suite of furnished rooms designed by leading architects, and the rooms in which are displayed the products of German porcelain factories and potteries, metal-work, and other branches of "Kunstgewerbe." These testify to the great forward strides which are being made in these directions by German workers. When reviewing the various manifestations of artistic activity at this exhibition, as we propose to later, we shall refer more fully to this display; here we will only say that it is one which all who are interested in the future of British applied art should see for themselves. It is generally recognised by German writers on applied art, as it is in the official catalogue of their section, that it was from England that the ideas which underlie the modern development of arts and crafts in Germany came to them; but the question is whether the lead taken by

"GIVERNY: THE ARRIVAL OF SPRING." FROM
THE OIL PAINTING BY VACLAV RADIMSKY



Studio-Talk

Britain has not been lost, or, at all events, will not soon be lost.

Except for a small display of pictures, sculpture, etchings, and so forth in the German section, fine art is not represented at the Exposition Universelle, but in the fine galleries of the Palais du Cinquantenaire, in another quarter of the town, there is an extensive collection of paintings and sculpture by modern artists of various nationalities. Prominence is naturally given to the Belgian group, which affords ample proof of the vigour and independence of the artists of this country. The French rooms, too, are very interesting, and the works, representing the most diverse elements in French art at the present day, are admirably displayed. Much good work is also to be found in the Dutch rooms, but with some of the national contributions we were not impressed very greatly, though here and there one comes across an example of more than usual interest. The British group is one of the smallest of all and far from representative. A novelty in this exhibition is a special Salon devoted to medals and plaquettes by artists of all nationalities. Of this unique little Salon, which the organisers have striven to make fully representative, we hope to say more later.

An adjacent wing of the Palais du Cinquantenaire is consecrated to a remarkable display of

paintings, drawings, sculpture, and applied art belonging to the 17th century. The paintings of the old masters, numbering more than 600, include over a hundred by Rubens, nearly as many by Van Dyck, and numerous examples by Adrian Brouwer, Jordaens, Pourbus the younger, F. Snyders, Teniers the younger, and others, contributed from many sources, public and private, including many important foreign collections. The exhibits of decorative art include, along with many other items of interest, the fine series of Brussels tapestries designed by Rubens to illustrate the history of Constantine.

PRAGUE.—Vaclav Radimsky, whose landscape, *Giverny : The Arrival of Spring*, is reproduced opposite, is perhaps the best representative of impressionism among the Bohemian artists. Though he has made his home in France, in which country he received his decisive artistic training, he now and then shows to his compatriots the result of his work; and not long since one had an opportunity of seeing a collection of his paintings in the Rudolfinum, the home of the Kunstverein für Böhmen, where his subtle feeling for atmospheric tones, for delicacies of light and shade, his tender and yet vigorous sense of colour, could be again admired. Quiet corners, the riverside of the Seine, and rural landscapes, are his favourite subjects. But above all, as this



"SUMMER EVENING"

(By permission of Mr. Jac. de Vries)

BY H. A. VAN INGEN



"HOMeward BOUND"

(By permission of Mr. Jac. de Vries, Arnhem)

BY H. A. VAN INGEN

last exhibition showed distinctly, Radimsky is the painter of water. The waters which he paints are really animated, agitated, luminous and transparent, and the reflection of limpid skies, of grass-grown embankments, of tree-tops and clouds is perfectly attained. Radimsky is thoroughly objective in rendering his subjects—as much objective, at least, as any artist can be. His paintings are to be found in the public collections of Prague, Vienna, and Munich. He has exhibited successfully in Vienna, Hamburg, Berlin, and above all at the Paris Salon, where he has been more than once *medallé*.

H. SCH.

never fail to make their influence felt. Sometimes he is a most powerful colourist, without losing any of the sober, serious tone of which Mauve



ILLUSTRATION TO "THE MILL ON THE FLOSS"

BY E. BRIDDEN GRANGER
(St. John's Wood Art Schools),

Art School Notes



"CONSCIENCE" (WATER-COLOUR)
BY ALLAN CHALMERS
(*St. John's Wood Art Schools*)

was such a perfect master. His water is always so cool, his grass so fresh and juicy, his skies so spacious, his clouds, so bold—those immense Dutch clouds, of which, like every real Dutch painter, he is a fervent admirer.

C. T.

ART SCHOOL NOTES.

LONDON.—It is interesting to see that the St. John's Wood Art Schools maintain their old reputation for preparing candidates for the entrance examinations to the Royal Academy Schools. Seventeen probationers were admitted to the Academy schools last month, and of these no fewer than ten were prepared at St. John's Wood. The school, which was founded more than

thirty years ago, is now under the joint direction of Mr. F. D. Walenn, Mr. Leonard Walker, Mr. A. Michaelson, R.B.A., and Mr. Pickering Walker, who are fortunate in having the assistance of a strong body of honorary visitors, which includes Mr. J. H. F. Bacon, A.R.A.; Mr. Walter Crane, R.W.S.; Mr. Frank Craig, Mr. William Hatherell, Sir James Linton, Mr. Charles Sims, A.R.A.; Mr. G. A. Storey, A.R.A.; Mr. Edward Stott, A.R.A.; and Mr. William Strang, A.R.A. Of these Mr. Bacon and Mr. Sims have promised to criticise in class during the autumn term that commences on September 5th. Mr. Storey will lecture and criticise in the same term, and Mr. Stott will criticise the work that is being done this autumn in the country class for open-air painting. The special class for drawing in black-and-white is encouraged by the proprietors of the *Graphic*, who offer a prize each year for the best work done, and the pupils in this class will have the advantage of the criticisms of Mr. William Hatherell. There are several scholarships tenable at the St. John's Wood Schools,



TEMPERANCE BANNER. DESIGNED AND WORKED BY MURIEL BOYD
(*Glasgow School of Art: see next page*)

Reviews and Notices

particulars of which can be obtained on application to the secretary, 7, Elm Tree Road.

Many special prizes are offered this year for the Holiday Competitions organised by the South Kensington Sketching Club, membership of which is confined to past and present students of the Royal College of Art. With one exception, all the prizes are offered for works executed in various departments of the arts and crafts. The exception is a new departure—a prize offered for a purely literary effort, by Mr. B. A. Spencer, the Lecturer on the History of Art at the South Kensington School. Mr. Spencer invites the students to express in essays their views on "Sketching from Nature," and the result should be interesting. The adjudicators in the competitions are Mr. George Clausen, R.A., Mr. William Orpen, A.R.A., Mrs. Reynolds Stephens, Mr. Herbert Dicksee, Mr. David McGill, Mr. C. de Gruchy and Prof. Selwyn Image.

At the Slade School the scholarships of £35 a year each for three years have been awarded to A. P. Allinson and S. Spencer; the prize of £25 for figure composition (1908-9), to M. G. Lightfoot; and the Melvill Nettleship prize for figure composition, to R. Ihlee and M. G. Lightfoot.

Mr. Walter Donne has taken the sketching class from the Grosvenor Studios to Wales this year. His pupils are working at a little village near Barmouth, in the midst of scenery of the most striking and varied character, and, as in other years, special attention is being given to the study of the figure in its relation to landscape. Open-air work will be continued until the end of September.

W. T. W.

GLASGOW.—As supplementing the illustrations given in a recent number of this magazine of embroidery by Miss Macbeth and her students at the Glasgow School of Art, the panel reproduced on p. 249 may be of interest. It is a recent example of the work of Miss Muriel Boyd, a talented student who is devoting herself to this fascinating craft under Miss Macbeth. It was appropriately hung at the World's Women's Temperance Convention, recently held in the city, where women of all nations proved their aptitude for tackling social as well as art problems. The work is on a grey-blue silk foundation, with decoration in brighter blue, green, grey, and rose colour, further embellished with tinsel, ribbon, and glass beads. J. T.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Oxford from Within. By HUGH DE SELINCOURT. With illustrations by YOSHIO MARKINO. (London: Chatto & Windus) 7s. 6d. net.—Oxford from the topographical point of view is no new subject for a book, and consequently one feels indebted to Mr. de Selincourt for dealing with the University from a quite different aspect. In these recent years of specialised commercial education many adverse criticisms have been levelled against the systems, frequently stigmatised as archaic and out-of-date, of teaching that obtain at the two great universities. The author takes up the cudgels on behalf of his own University, and reminds those who plead for a more practical, and, as they would say perhaps, a more modernised curriculum, that the function of Oxford is not so much to prepare men to take up one or other of the various careers or businesses that modern life offers them, as to fit them to take a place in the world and in society generally, to train them to comprehend life, how to get the best out of it, how to choose the things that are really *worth while*. The author writes with enthusiasm, and the enthusiast, even though we may sometimes disagree with him, is never dull. Mr. de Selincourt writes sympathetically also, and is always most interesting. The illustrations by Mr. Yoshio Markino are excellent, and consist of twenty reproductions from water-colours and monochrome drawings. His "note" at the end, in which he gives his impressions of Oxford, is by no means the least interesting feature of a delightful book.

Glasgow's Pictures (the Corporation Collection). By THOMAS RENNIE. (Geo. Outram & Co., Ltd.) 6d.—A collection of pictures that runs to the value of half a million sterling calls for something more definitely descriptive than a mere catalogue, and it was a happy idea therefore on the part of Mr. Thomas Rennie, Curator of the Art section at Kelvingrove Galleries, first of all to write a series of exhaustive articles for the *Glasgow Herald* on the various schools represented, from the early Italian to the modern British and Continental; then to revise and issue these in permanent book form, with the addition of some excellent reproductions and an interesting chapter by Mr. Walter Paton, General Superintendent at the Galleries, on the history of the collection, which goes back three centuries, to a time when a loyal corporation commissioned a series of royal portraits. The collection now contains some fine examples of the old masters, Italian, Flemish, Dutch, Spanish, and German; the early English school is also well

Reviews and Notices

represented, and naturally the Scottish school is prominent; but perhaps the most unique feature of the collection is the representation of Modern French and Dutch Art, the most complete to be found in any public gallery in the kingdom.

The Works in Architecture of Robert and James Adam, Esquires. Reprinted and published by E. Thézard fils, Dourdan (S. & O.), France. 3 vols. in one portfolio, 250 frs. With the lapse of time it has come to be recognised that much of the credit which accrued to the Brothers Adam should have gone to others with whom they were associated, but be that as it may—and it is a familiar story in the history of human progress—it is generally conceded that their achievements were of a remarkable order, alike in character and in volume, and the published records they left behind of their designs for certain notable houses and their decoration constitute an important document in the history of architecture and design. In issuing the three volumes the brothers appear to have had in view the creation of a French *clientèle*, and to this end gave the text and titles in French as well as English. The highly ornate character of their later designs was, in fact, more in keeping with French ideas, and it is not to be wondered at that in France the work of the "Adelphi" has always been regarded with sympathy. And it is this fact, no doubt, that has prompted an enterprising French publisher to bring out a facsimile reproduction of the complete set of plates with the letterpress. The illustrations in this reproduction are all printed from engraved plates, and bear the stamp of verisimilitude. The original edition of these works, printed from plates engraved by Bartolozzi, Vivarez, and others, is now very scarce, and a copy of the two principal volumes fetches as much as £30.

British Floral Decoration. By R. F. FELTON. (London: A. & C. Black.) 7s. 6d. net.—Fine illustrations and interesting letterpress make this a book that must be a source of delight to all who care for flowers. There is a good deal here that is of interest mainly to those who are concerned with the higher and more elaborate branches of the florist's art, but the work is also interestingly written from the point of view of the general reader. Sir Albert Rollit contributes a preface, in which he refers to Mr. Felton's excellent work in connection with Floriculture. The book is illustrated by twelve excellent colour plates and fourteen reproductions in half-tone, showing various schemes of floral decoration at public and private functions, and includes one of the decorations of the Royal box

at the Horse Show in 1908 and of a magnificent Court bouquet for Her Majesty the Queen Mother.

Country Cottages and Homes for Small and Large Estates. By R. A. BRIGGS, Architect, F.R.I.B.A. (London: George Allen & Sons.) 10s. 6d. net.—Mr. Briggs's intention in issuing this book is to offer guidance to those who before commencing building operations desire to have some idea as to styles and plans for country dwellings of various degrees of magnitude, and also of their cost. In the fifty-two plates perspective views and plans are given of twenty or more houses, ranging from very simple cottages costing £300 a pair to large structures running into thousands, and in addition there are some plans of gardens. In the letterpress, which is for the most part explanatory of the plates, the author also makes some timely remarks on selecting sites and other important points.

Schools of Painting. By MARY INNES. (London: Methuen & Co.) 5s. net.—With the many exhaustive treatises by students who have devoted a lifetime to the study of one school of painting or the work of one master exclusively this little book makes no pretence of competing. The authoress describes her work as intended for schools and to form an introduction to the wide subject which she takes as her title. It gives an excellent general survey of the different schools of painting, written in a popular and very readable manner, and the text is copiously illustrated with over seventy half-tone reproductions from famous pictures. An index and also a useful bibliography are added.

British Pottery Marks. By G. WOOLLISCHROFT RHEAD. (London: Scott, Greenwood & Co.) The alphabetical arrangement adopted in this useful handbook, in which upwards of 1,200 potter's marks are reproduced, in addition to a few illustrations of interesting pieces, will prove very convenient to the collector. The book comprehends not only the old-established and extinct potteries, but also those which have come into prominence in quite recent times.

The fifth volume of that useful compilation *Internationale Bibliographie der Kunsthissenschaft* (B. Behr's Verlag, Berlin, 18 mks.), covering the year 1906, emphasises once more our obligation to the compiler, Dr. Fröhlich, who by thus systematically recording the voluminous literature connected with the arts has performed a service for which all students will be deeply grateful. The new volume contains over 6,000 entries, grouped in 17 sections, followed by two comprehensive indexes of authors and subjects.

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE: ON SOURCES OF INSPIRATION.

"It always puzzles me," said the Commonplace Man, "where you artists get your ideas from. Do you dream them, or do you pick them up from other people? It must be awfully difficult to keep up a steady supply of new notions for your work. How do you manage it?"

"What a question!" laughed the Man with the Red Tie. "Does it not occur to you that it may be the possessing of ideas that makes a man an artist? I take it that the difference between him and other people is that his own imagination supplies him with what you call new notions; there is no need for him to borrow from anyone else."

"But what is imagination?" asked the Commonplace Man. "Do you mean to say that the artist can imagine things he has never seen? Can he invent something that does not exist? Surely you would not claim for him as much as that."

"I think it would be true to say that he can invent things which do not actually exist," replied the Man with the Red Tie; "but of course he is guided in his inventions by his knowledge of nature. Really, nature is the source of his inspirations."

"Ah! then you admit that his ideas are not, as it were, spontaneously generated," cried the Commonplace Man; "he does borrow them, after all."

"If you call it borrowing to adapt nature's facts to artistic purposes," returned the Man with the Red Tie. "The extent of an artist's imagination is shown in the ingenuity of his adaptation, and in the skill with which he can re-arrange and combine the things he has seen. The sum total of this rearrangement may be something imaginary—something which does not actually exist in that particular form—but it will be made up of parts which the artist has been able to study."

"Then nature is the source of all your new notions," argued the Commonplace Man. "You do not invent them; you pick them up where you can."

"You can put it that way if you like," agreed the Man with the Red Tie. "But to pick them up properly you must have imagination and a full sense of artistic proprieties; if you have not, you will probably get hold of the wrong things."

"Have you any rules to guide you in your study of nature?" asked the Commonplace Man. "Unless you have rules, and follow them carefully,

it seems to me that you run great risks of getting hold of wrong ideas."

"Here, wait a minute!" broke in the Art Critic. "How can you make rules for the study of nature? The essence of artistic imagination is that it should record the impression made by nature upon a particular temperament. You cannot confine inspiration within the boundaries of a formula; it must reflect the artist's personality."

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the Man with the Red Tie. "If all artists studied and worked by rule there would be no art at all."

"Quite so," returned the Critic. "If art is to be a living factor in human existence, it must not be codified and reduced to a mere formality. There are canons of taste, I admit, but even these are variable. They are subject to modification according to the feeling of the individual artist, and they change appreciably from time to time."

"Can there be no stability in art?" asked the Commonplace Man. "Must it always be shifting and changing?"

"There may be stability in vital principles," replied the Critic, "but in details of treatment and manner of expression there must be unceasing change unless art is to die. You were asking just now where the new notions came from, and how artists kept up the supply of them: my answer to that would be that artists get their notions by observing the world about them and by trying sincerely to record the impressions which that world makes upon them. The true artist lives in the present, he does not go to the past for his inspiration unless he is a pedant and a fool."

"But I thought that the rules were laid down long ago by the old masters," pleaded the Commonplace Man; "and that these rules could not be altered."

"You are confusing rules and principles," said the Critic. "The principles which the old masters—or at all events the best of them—followed are right enough and are as worthy of respect now as they ever were. But just as these masters responded to the spirit of their own time, so must we reflect our world and draw our inspiration from nature as she appears to us. That is where our ideas come from. The art of to-day is the only one that really belongs to us, and the rules that control it must be in accordance with the modern spirit. Imagination, inspiration, all the other qualities which make art great, are simply the outcome of earnest study of the facts of life as we see it; they are the reflection of our own selves."

THE LAY FIGURE.

Wood Carving and Architecture



OAK PANEL—THE LAST SUPPER

BY I. KIRCHMAYER

WOOD CARVING AND ARCHITECTURE—WORK BY I. KIRCHMAYER AND OTHERS BY F. W. COBURN

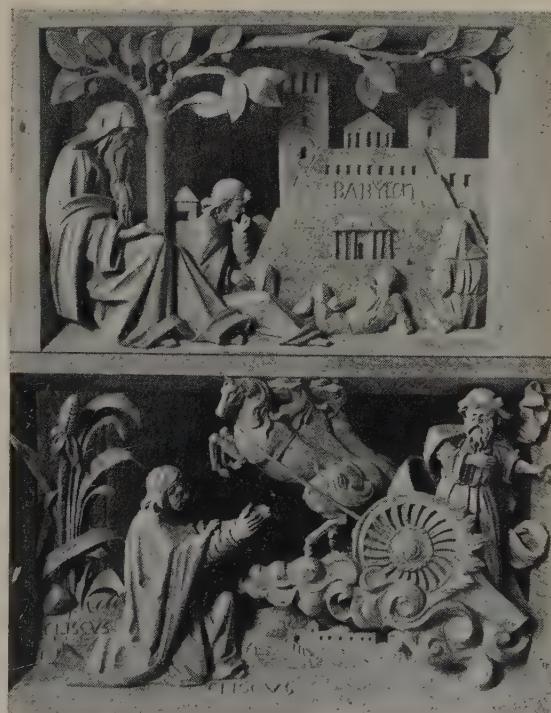
PROFESSIONALISM, proper and salutary, has come to mark almost wood carving in this country. A standard has been established in this department of handicraft which only the most gifted and persistent of those who take up gouge, router and veiner as a pastime can hope to attain.

For the pace is set by well-trained artists—sculptors in wood—who make the chips fly as long as daylight lasts and who carve evenings for recreation. No other applied art, in fact—with the possible exception of printing and bookbinding—has advanced further in the United States in the past ten years than has the art of wood working. Indeed, Mr. I. Kirchmayer, educated as to the elements of his profession in the Bavarian schools and in the higher possibilities of the calling during a long American experience as carver for various architects and manufacturers of ecclesiastical furniture, assures me that, in his judgment, no better wood carving is being done to-day in Europe than stands to the credit of a score or more of craftsmen working on this side of the Atlantic.

The influence of cooperation between carvers and architects merits consideration both from the many amateurs who undertake wood carving simply as a means toward decoration of the household and from those who take lessons at the bench with an idea of ultimately earning a living from the craft. The calling itself is an arduous one; to succeed

demands powers not inferior to those of the competent in any of the arts of design.

For let none suppose that the acquisition of a little deftness in piercing and undercutting makes up the necessary equipment of a good wood carver. Knowledge of the traditions and the present problems of art, appreciation of the facts of form and



CARVINGS FOR
ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, CHICAGO

BY I. KIRCHMAYER

Wood Carving and Architecture



CARVED WOODEN CANDLESTICKS

BY MISS MARTHA PAGE

color and temperamental capacity for vigorous artistic expression are, of course, essential to good performance in any of the sculptural arts, among which wood carving is rapidly resuming its true place.

So that cultivation of as wide acquaintance as possible with the literature of architecture, and with architects themselves, should be regarded as an important part of the training of the wood carver. Our architects, as a class, are peculiarly able and high-minded men. With them, furthermore, rests the destiny of the profession of wood carving, for not a few architects control wealthy clients who will spend money upon any kind of decoration which is recommended as desirable. The architect fortunately has, as a rule, keen appreciation of the qualities of good carving and, as Mr. H. Langford Warren, President of the Society of Arts and Crafts, and himself a distinguished architect, has lately written: "The largest use of carved wood is undoubtedly in the decoration of interiors of buildings and in furniture, and this class of work has been directly controlled in most cases by educated architects. The growth and development of the profession of architecture in this country has therefore brought with it constant improvement and increased use of carved wood work."

Considering in brief the opportunities for co-

operation of this character and the ease with which any one who has learned to draw and model can acquire the technique of wood carving either from a teacher or even from such a manual as that lately prepared by Miss Eleanor Rowe, of South Kensington, it will be strange if in response to growing demand there is not in the next few years a large increase in the number of professional wood carvers. The churches of this country alone offer an almost unlimited field for the introduction of individualized woodwork.

By any looking forward to such a career the work of Mr. Kirchmayer, the dean of architectural wood carvers in America, de-

serves to be studied attentively. What may be called recreation pieces are among the things which make Mr. Kirchmayer's work interesting. As enthusiastic in his calling as any of the great medieval wood carvers, this artist produces in his leisure moments smaller works than those specified in the ordinary architectural commission—sometimes, indeed, on a miniature scale, as in the elaborately carved boxwood panels of a crucifix. The delicately executed *Nativity* is carved from a small piece of oak. Perhaps the most remarkable work of this kind which Mr. Kirchmayer has done is the little *Last Supper*. The treatment is self-explanatory. The precision, the clear delimitation of planes even in a miniature and the remarkable characterization of the heads should be noted by those interested in the sculptural aspects of wood carving.

The largest of these recreation studies, a *Madonna and Child* in the round, is nearly life size. As in most of Mr. Kirchmayer's works, in which the man has allowed himself full liberty to express his personal conception, the result defies classification or exposition. To assign it to a school is almost sacrilege. This wood carver, it is true, is popularly associated with the "Gothic camp" of architects; though he by no means exclusively works for them. It is also quite the thing to say that he represents,

Wood Carving and Architecture

in a preeminent degree, the tradition of Germanic wood carving. One feels, however, that he has become more American than European and that his power—genius, if you like—is universal rather than American. When he has an artistic idea, as in the making of this Madonna, just give him a block of oak, a chisel and a mallet—for even in carving elaborate designs he avoids the more delicate tools of the craft—and he will forthwith project his thought upon the wood with due regard for the principles of focus, balance and contrast. If it happens that an architect imposes the idea the carver will still be extraordinarily faithful to it.

An architectural column designed by C. Howard Walker, the carving by A. J. R. Longuemare and the cabinet work by F. W. Kulkmann, likewise exemplifies the tendency to cooperative effort in this craft.

Anything for the design of which Mr. Walker is responsible is likely to be vigorous and unmistakable in intention. Mr. Longuemare's clever work in undercutting the decorative eagles used on the column is quite in character.

An instructive example of some of the possibilities of wood carving for purposes of household decoration is afforded in several wooden candlesticks designed and executed by Miss Martha Page, of Winchester, Mass. These, appropriately colored and gilded, stand for one of the many decorative uses to which skill in carving and knowledge of artistic effect can be put. A pair of candlesticks may also be made as contributory to an architectural scheme.

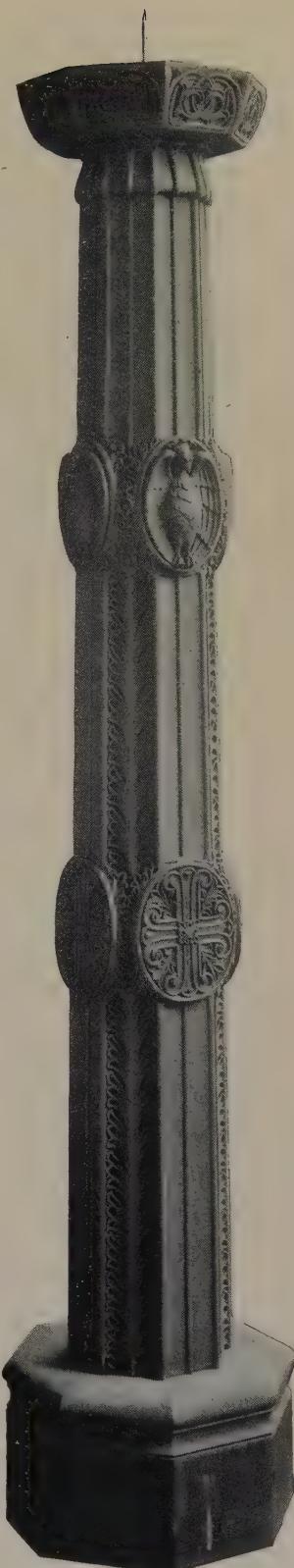
Miss Page is associated at Winchester with Miss Estelle Nast, whose carved wood screens, bearing decorative landscape studies, have frequently attracted attention.

F. W. C.

It is in the larger cities of the South American republics, says the Hon. John Barrett, in an article on "Art in Latin America," in the August issue of *Art and Progress*, that we see the sway of artistic influence, even far beyond what is found in most of the cities of the United States. No one can visit the City of Mexico to-day without being greatly impressed with the effort being exerted to make it one of the beautiful cities of the world. Considering its population and its location it is doing more in this direction than any city in North America, with possibly the exception of Washington, and it is doubtful if there appears in Mexico City, with its large Indian population, half as many crudities in architecture as are to be seen in our national capital. Certainly its avenues and streets are not being rendered strikingly unattractive by the rapid erection of skyscrapers and all kinds of business structures, such as are now being constructed along Washington's streets, without any municipal control in the matter of taste and harmony with surroundings.



MOTHER AND CHILD
BY I. KIRCH-MAYER



CARVED WOODEN COLUMN
DESIGN BY C. HOWARD WALKER
CABINET WORK BY F. KULKMANN
CARVING BY A. J. K. LONGUEMARE

Ceramic Art of the Pueblo Indians



MOQUI WARE, WHICH IS DISTINCT FROM ALL OTHER PUEBLO POTTERY, BOTH IN FORM AND IN DECORATION

THE CERAMIC ART OF THE PUEBLO INDIANS BY CHARLES FRANCIS SAUNDERS

THERE exists to-day in the United States a genuine native art, although it is on the point of dying out. It is not yet, however, too late to save an essential part of it, should the will to save it exist, and not to save it would be a national disgrace. I refer to the art of the American Indian, and especially to that of the so-called Pueblo Indians of the Southwest, the living representatives in the United States of the remarkable people popularly known as the ancient cliff dwellers.

The Pueblos in their mode of life differ radically from the better-known nomad tribes of the plains, being from time immemorial peaceful agriculturists and dwellers in permanent towns of their own building. Long before the interloping Spaniard and Anglo-Saxon had penetrated into his land the Pueblo Indian had developed a stable civilization of his own, and with it an art that was a vital expression of his life. It is sufficient testimony to the essential virility of this art to find that after nearly four centuries of the white man's domination and interference it still retains its distinctive character and a great degree of its pristine excellence.

The Pueblo towns, or communities, number twenty-seven, and extend in a chain of over four hundred miles from Oraibi, in northern Arizona, to Taos, in northern New Mexico. The largest has a population of about sixteen hundred, the smallest about one hundred. Some, like Acoma and the villages of Moqui, are magnificently situated on high table

lands or rocky promontories jutting out into lonely plains, and are inaccessible save by rugged trails; others, like Taos and Nambé, are sequestered in fertile valleys by running waters. The wonderful region in which the Pueblo Indians live—most of it semidesert and some of it pure desert, sublime in its color and natural conformation—is an inspiration to every artist who visits it, and it seems natural enough that these dwellers in it from prehistoric times should be an artist people.

Though Spanish domination brought most of the Pueblos into nominal membership in the Roman Catholic Church they are, nevertheless, pagans at heart, practising to this day the rites of their ancient pagan religion and working into their various arts the symbolism of their pagan faith. These arts include the weaving of woolen and cotton garments on rude looms set up in the rooms of their homes; the making of baskets of varied forms from certain native plants; silversmithing with Mexican coins as the raw material; the making of bead necklaces, the beads used being wrought by the Pueblos with infinite care from shells obtained from the distant seashore, broken up and patiently ground into shape by hand, an entirely different art from the latter-day bead work of the plains tribes, who use the glass beads of American manufacture.

The Pueblo art par excellence, however, is pottery making, which is done invariably by the women. The form which it takes is varied, but principally water and storage jars, canteens, bowls and cooking vessels. It is fashioned entirely by hand, no wheel or other mechanical device being employed. The potter, who, in her native attire, is quite as picturesque as any product of her art, sits upon the earthen floor of her dwelling, with a lump of wet clay beside her, breaking off a piece from time to time and rolling it between her hands into a long string. With this, handled as a coil, she builds up her vessel, pinching each successive coil upon its predecessor and rubbing away all unevenness with a bit of gourd shell or a smooth stone. So true is the eye of a skilful potter that her finished vessel is perfectly symmetrical. It is then set away to dry for a day, after which the decoration is put on. For

Ceramic Art of the Pueblo Indians

this the colors used are made from mineral earths ground up and mixed with water, and applied with a primitive brush consisting of a strip of split yucca leaf, macerated at the tip. Here, again, the correctness of the Pueblo potter's eye is shown, for without any preliminary measuring or marking off of the surface she quickly covers it with the design, which meets around the spherical form

and balances with entire precision. The firing is done not in a kiln but in the open air before the potter's house, or at the village edge, where the sheep and cattle corrals are, the dried manure from which constitutes the fuel. Flat cakes of this are stacked up neatly about the pottery, enveloping it completely and then ignited. When the fuel is burned to an ash the pot is taken out, and is ready for use. If the firing has been carefully done there has been no smoking of the vessel. In the prehistoric days of Pueblo art, as evidenced by the pottery found in ancient cliff dwellings, glazing was practised, but that art has been lost and the modern Pueblo ware is unglazed. In the case of water jars this is a distinct advantage, as the porosity of the vessel causes a "sweating" which tends to keep the water cool.

The designs of the Pueblo pottery are a study in themselves and of exceeding interest. They are handed down from mother to daughter, and being traditional their significance may not always be un-



ZUNI POTTERY, SHOWING ANIMAL FORMS IN DESIGN

derstood by the artist herself. In the main they are conventionalized forms of certain features of her little world and of the phenomena of nature—the mountains, the birds and animals, the clouds, the falling rain, the wind, the lightning; or of her religion—such as the creatures of her people's origin-myths, the faces of the gods of the Pueblo pantheon, or the suggestion (rarely absent from the work of the olden potters) of the mystic gateway of Shipapu, through which the souls of the newborn enter this world and the spirits of the dead pass out of it.

Usually three colors—red, white and black—are employed, though occasionally only two are used, and in some few of the pueblos the pottery is solid black or solid red, unornamented. In the last-named pottery the dependence for beauty is entirely on the grace and dignity of the shape. Pottery for cooking is invariably without decoration.

The accompanying illustrations of Pueblo pottery are from examples in the writer's collection, bought in many cases directly from the potter herself.

As will be noted, the work of different villages has characters of its own, distinguishing it from the work of others, yet has a certain harmony with the rest that holds all together in the bond of a common art.

The collection from Moqui is almost entirely the work of Nampeyo and her daughter, the most famous of the Pueblo potters. To see Nampeyo at work is to the art lover one of the most interesting sights in Moqui. She is a simple-



WATER JARS OF ACOMA PUEBLO, WITH PREVALENT DESIGNS SUGGESTED BY FLOWER AND LEAF FORMS

Ceramic Art of the Pueblo Indians

hearted, unpretentious squaw, who sits on the floor of her dwelling molding her vessels of clay or adorning them with her wonderful lines, and rising now and then to stir the mutton stew as it cooks upon the fire or lift the baby out of reach of the flame. Though her work, in the words of Dr. George A. Dorsey, "has gone far and wide over the curio-loving world," she is apparently unconscious that her gift is anything out of the common, and has all the shy modesty that distinguishes the women of her race. The Moqui ware is very distinct from other Pueblo pottery, both in form and decoration. The most common shapes are a low, flat bowl and a shallow, wide-spreading water jar, both adorned with remarkable designs in red and black on a white ground—designs frequently suggested by the masks of the Katchinas, or dancers of the Moqui religious ceremonials. The best Moqui ware is particularly appealing in its color—the white ground upon which the decoration is laid being distinguished by a soft, creamy tone, flushed usually with red.

In marked contrast to the work of Moqui is the pottery of Zuñi, the largest of the Pueblo towns, whose interesting and wonderful life has been the

subject of much valuable literature by the late poet-ethnologist, Frank H. Cushing. A feature of the Zuñi decoration is the frequent incorporation of realistic animal forms in the design—deer, ducks, frogs, butterflies, tadpoles. As with the Moqui ware, the colors used by the Zuñis are customarily red and black upon a white surface, but a notable exception is a red ware upon which the decoration is laid on in white. The color would appear to be an integral feature of any particular form or decoration—that is, given a particular design, it should be painted on in one particular color established by tradition. A woman of Zuñi whom the writer engaged to make a few characteristic jars for him was greatly disturbed because he criticized the color she had employed in the adornment of one. She had used black where to his American eye red would have been more effective. She explained that red was impossible in that design, the Zuñi potters from the days of the ancients had painted it in black and, therefore, only black was right. If red was wanted the design must be changed!

Flower forms are rarely used by the Zuñis, though a very striking design sometimes met with is a conventionalized sunflower. The potters of Acoma Pueblo, on the contrary, whose work is noteworthy for its exceptional lightness, have made rather a specialty of floral and leaf adornment, and some suggestion of plant life is introduced into almost every design. This is the more remarkable, as their town is built upon a bare rock that rises almost perpendicularly three hundred feet from a great sandy plain—a singularly barren, inhospitable situation, where there is scarcely earth enough to afford a flower a foothold. In the Indian's art work, however, he loves to preserve the suggestion of that which is most dear and precious to his poetic mind; so from his standpoint it is entirely fitting that the leaves and flowers of the plain and mountain, brought from a distance to this rock-founded village of the sky and employed in many secret religious rites, as well as in the public dance ceremonials, should find representation on the pottery.

Intermingled with these on the Acoma ware are the vertical or slanting parallel lines, which in Pueblo symbolry represent the falling rain, and the terraces and steps which conventionalize the clouds of heaven. A peculiar checker-board design is also not uncommon in the Acoma work, but its especial significance is unknown to the writer. Bird forms were common in the older work of the Acomas, as well as other Pueblos, though now less frequent. As a bird in flight is the embodiment of airy lightness the adornment of the water vessels with the



CANTEENS AND WATER BOTTLES OF ACOMA,
MOQUI AND ZUÑI

Ceramic Art of the Pueblo Indians



WATER JARS OF SANTA DOMINGO PUEBLO, WITH SCHEME OF DECORATION IN TRIANGLES, CIRCLES AND GEOMETRIC FORMS

pictures of birds would, in the Indian's fancy, add lightness to the clay—a great desideratum, as the jars, which when filled are borne upon the carrier's heads, often contain a weight of water equal to thirty pounds or more, and to this the vessel's weight is additional.

At Santo Domingo, half way between Albuquerque and Santa Fé, is a community of exceedingly conservative Pueblo Indians, the quality of whose reception of visitors is directly determined by whether the latter carry cameras or not. They have decided objections to having either themselves or their houses photographed, and strangers intent on picture taking have more than once had their cameras smashed and been run out of town. If no camera is in evidence, however, the stranger will be welcomed with rare hospitality and entertained with Santo Domingo's best in homes where a very superior grade of Pueblo pottery is made. The Santo Domingo potters—women of superb physical development—produce a rather heavy ware, but one distinguished in many cases by an almost Greek grace of shape. The decoration used is a series of triangles, circles and other geometric forms in black on white that are little short of marvelous in their variety. The chalky white of Zuñi and the creamy white of Acoma are replaced in the Santo Domingo ware with a pinkish tint. Quite recently there has been de-

veloped there a deep red jar with pink and black decorations, extremely interesting as a variant of the original geometric designs of this place in white and black.

Thirty miles from Santa Fé, on the Rio Grande, is the home of the Santa Clara potters, who until recently were preeminent among the Pueblos as makers of a lustrous black ware, the color being produced by the smudging of the fire so that the black

smoke was absorbed into the clay. The pot was then rubbed by hand until the desired luster was produced. Unfortunately, American influences have done much of late to lower the art standards of these people, who in some instances now use a cheap varnish for their effects. The clay used at this town naturally burns red, if there is no smudging, and Santa Clara ware is accordingly often to be had in solid, unornamented red, as well as black.

A few miles further up the river another Pueblo town, San Juan, has taken up the "black art" of Santa Clara, and is conservatively disposed to hold to the old tried ways which made Santa Clara's reputation. Their ware, however, still lacks the grace of outline which has long distinguished the Santa Clara pottery. A double-necked water jar is a characteristic shape of both these pueblos, though not peculiar to them, as some form of double mouth appears to have been made at times by other



BLACK LUSTROUS WARE OF SANTA CLARA AND SAN JUAN PUEBLOS

Ceramic Art of the Pueblo Indians



COOKING VESSELS OF TAOS, PICURIS AND NAMBÉ

pueblos. As the two mouths are joined by a bar convenience in handling may have had something to do with this shape. The San Juan pottery is thin and light, and it will be interesting to see whether it will eventually gain the crown of excellence which Santa Clara, because of too much American kindergartening, has lost.

The group of black cooking vessels from Taos, Picuris and Nambé presents another sort of Pueblo art. Where the proper kind of clay is not readily obtainable near the village, or where the activities of the people find more congenial exercise in other lines than the potter's, the people are content to make only cooking vessels, crude in form and bare of design, obtaining by trade from other Pueblos the carefully molded and decorated ware which is the delight of every Pueblo household.

Besides the commoner shapes of Pueblo pottery employed in the every-day business of the household there are some forms especially designed for use in connection with religious ceremonials. A group of these ceremonial vessels for holding the sacred meal which is sprinkled upon participants in religious rites and dances is shown in the illustration. The steps that rest upon the rim of the San Ildefonso bowls, symbolizing clouds, the frog, the tadpole and the water skate, symbols of the smaller Zuñi pieces, show how important a part the element of water—that ever-present need in desert life—plays in the prayers of these people. A characteristic Zuñi design is the molded form—utilized as a handle—of Koloowissi, the sacred serpent, which in the myths of that people is represented as having brought seeds from the gods to ancient Zuñi.

So much for this native American art, which, thanks to a few discriminating traders scattered through the Pueblo country of Arizona and New Mexico, still survives in its beauty, but which bids fair to pass out of existence within another decade. The cause is to be found in the system of American

schooling which the United States Government compels the children to accept, and in which instruction in drawing is part of a general educational scheme that seeks to turn these red people into white. The Pueblos are a gentle, biddable race, unconscious of the marvels of their own artistic gifts, and in the hands of a pushing, inartistic schoolmistress from New England or the Middle West the children produce feeble copies in bright-colored crayon of the white man's art, which their ignorant teacher shows with pride to visitors as "what an Indian can do when he is taught." Meantime this teacher is utterly unappreciative of the superiority of the beautiful examples of native pottery, gifts from her timid pupils, which gather dust in corners of the schoolhouse. The natural result of such pseudo-education is that the young generation of Pueblo women are growing up in comparative ignorance of the art of their mothers and of the art symbols and traditions of this race.

The idea that there is an Indian art worth attention did get dimly into the mind of a former head of the Government's Indian department, but such attempts as he instituted with the view of condescendingly fostering the art have been in the hands of employees who seem to be quite incapable of intelligently handling the case. It appears impossible for the average American to dispossess himself of the conceit that his nation's way is the only really correct way. To Americanize Pueblo art is as absurd as to ask Japanese artists to learn kindergarten methods. The art of these Indians is the expression of their nature and of a long, traditional past, and to set such a people to drawing copybook designs can teach them nothing, while it does stifle absolutely the real art sense in them.

The truth is, the Pueblos are to be learned from, not taught at all. They are a body of conservative artists, who can be trusted, if not interfered with, to develop in their own way the inherited gift of centuries, and to perpetuate the one native American art of to-day. Cannot the more enlightened minds of the country realize that the only right policy for this nation to pursue toward such a people is that of "hands off," and to begin it at once before the old generation of potters is dead and their traditions dead with them?

A USEFUL book on "Porcelain, Oriental, Continental and British" has been prepared by R. L. Hobson, of the British Museum, and is published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, with forty-nine plates. This handbook for collectors discusses the early Chinese and Japanese wares, European porce-

Ceramic Art of the Pueblo Indians



WATER JARS OF SAN ILDEFONSO AND COCHIT   PUEBLOS, WITH BIRD DECORATIONS SYMBOLIC OF LIGHTNESS

lain, including the output of Meissen, Vienna, Denmark, Russia, Sweden, Switzerland, Holland and Belgium, France, Italy and Great Britain, with a concluding chapter on values, redecoration and forgeries.

The collector's alphabet begins, says the author, with the distinction between pottery and porcelain. The next stage is the distinction between true and artificial porcelain, popularly called hard paste and soft paste. In composition the main distinction lies in the nature of the fluxing material. True porcelain consists of two natural felspathic substances, a non-fusible clay (called by the Chinese kaolin) combined with a fusible stone (called petuntse), the latter melting in the kiln to a glassy material which holds the former in suspension and gives the porcelain its translucent and vitreous character. The one is the bones, the other the flesh of the porcelain body. Over this body is a skin of glaze formed of pure petuntse, sometimes softened with a little lime. This is in the nature of true porcelain wherever made, in China, in France, in Japan. In the case of artificial, or soft paste, porcelain, the body is formed of a natural clay suspended in a fluxing material artificially prepared. In the old artificial porcelains this flux was a glass or frit made of sand, lime, flint, bone ash, soda, etc., the ingredients differing at almost every factory and produc-

ing a variety of wares of diverse tone, hardness and translucency. The glaze, too, varied, but as a rule it consisted of a soft fusible glass, largely composed of lead. True porcelain requires an exceedingly high degree of heat— 1350° – 1450° Centigrade—to fire it, and the glaze needs as much heat as the body; indeed, in China both body and glaze were almost always baked at one firing. Artificial porcelain, on the other hand, only bears from 1100° – 1150° Centigrade for

the body, and the glaze is melted at a second firing, only about 1000° . For the practised eye it is scarcely possible to mistake true porcelain for artificial. Take, for instance, a Chinese teacup and another of Chelsea ware. The former is hard and cold to the touch, brilliantly white and glistening, pure and clear if held against the light; the edge of the foot rim, which is free from glaze, is of close, compact texture, often slightly browned by the firing; if a piece is chipped the fracture is vitreous and shell-like, and will turn the edge of a knife. The colors on the glaze stand out in layers. The Chelsea glaze is lustrous, but soft and oily. The ware has a creamy tint and its translucency is faintly tinged with yellow. The glaze has run down to the foot rim and has been ground off, exposing a sandy paste only partially vitrified, the fracture of which is granular and yields to a knife. Then pass the finger over the painted surface; you feel the glaze only.



SACRED MEAL BOWLS OF SAN ILDEFONSO AND ZUNI USED IN RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES, WITH WATER AND RAIN SYMBOLS

The Towers of Boston

THE TOWERS OF BOSTON BY ROBERT D. ANDREWS

AN INTERESTING group of drawings by Mr. Samuel E. Gideon shows six church towers or spires found within a half-mile radius in the heart of Boston. All but Park Street are modern structures, built since the Civil War, and founded upon the made land of the old Back Bay. Park Street Church lies across the common from the others on the eastern slope of Beacon Hill, and its slender spire is one of the most familiar and best-loved landmarks of the city. Built early in the nineteenth century, the Park Street Church is, nevertheless, of distinctive Colonial style, showing, particularly in the spire, that exquisite mingling of naïvete and refinement which is the despair of modern architects.

The Arlington Street Church, the first of those built upon the new land, owes its design to the same sources from which the inspiration of Park Street was drawn—namely, the London churches of Sir Christopher Wren. But whereas the link of connection between the older church and its prototypes was traditional and handed down from one generation to the next through the repetition of kindred designs, the bond of relation between Arlington Street and its London original is direct and imitative. As a consequence, there is a difference in the feelings these two churches excite. The earlier one seems to belong to us more, to be more a part of us as Americans, than the other. It is more individual as a work of art.

Much the same comment might be made upon the Gothic spire of the Central Church on Berkeley Street. Closely modeled upon a familiar English type and admirable in general design, its very absence of wilfulness and imperfection distinguishes it from its originals of the medieval time. How it happens that we are able to read in forms of stone the mind and purposes of those that rear them is a mystery, yet it is certain that our truest admiration is reserved for those who venture all in a progressive spirit rather than for those who seek the safe shelter of literal precedent.

The next of the group in the order of time is the tower of the church built on Commonwealth Avenue by Richardson for the congregation of the old Brattle Street Church, about 1870. Here we find an architectural character without any well-defined forerunner. The hardy forms of the stonework and the low-pointed roof suggest memories of the war towers of Florence and the hill towns of Italy. But nowhere else does there exist that broad frieze

of sculptured figures which crowns the tall plain shaft like the leaves of a Corinthian capital. It is a noble conception, skilfully realized by the French sculptor, Bartholdi, who chanced to be visiting this country to arrange for his famous Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. Shown the drawing he became enthusiastic over the idea and begged the privilege of giving it permanent form. In John Evans's shop by the Huntington Avenue Bridge—a veritable museum of the stone carver's art—the models for this frieze are still preserved, and Mr. Evans delights to identify certain faces as those of the sculptor's friends, among them Saint-Gaudens and John La Farge.

Then came the wonderful Trinity Church, whose tower Mr. Gideon shows silhouetted against the evening sky. This tower is without rival in American architecture, for its absolute unity of impression, while combining a wealth of detail and motive which baffles the memory. I know nothing more beautiful and impressive than the view from the cloister, looking up to its summit. The tower, as we see it, was not the design shown on the competition drawings accepted by the committee. This first design was based upon the type of tower common to the churches of the Auvergne, in France—a tower in two stages. Richardson used to tell how it was Mr. La Farge—that most erudite of all American artists—who first called his attention to the possibilities of the old Romanesque tower of Salamanca Cathedral. Then it was, through the marvelous facility of Stanford White working under the domination of the master, that the design now so familiar took its shape. So Trinity Church tower comes naturally by its great qualities, for the combined genius of three great artists united to produce it. Its resemblance to its prototype at Salamanca is solely that of superficial arrangement of parts; in spirit it is as modern as the music of Wagner, and as rich in emotional intensity.

The tower of the new Old South Church across the square from Trinity forms the sixth of Mr. Gideon's group of pictures. Here is the Italian Campanile, such as the Normans built during their occupation of Sicily. A stately, graceful monument it is, rearing the slender shafts of its belfry high above the level city about it and giving identity to many a distant view.

These six subjects are typical of the process by which America is evolving an architecture of its own. Observe the range of time and country contributing to the architecture of this single square mile of city—London, Salisbury, Florence, Salamanca, Palermo. Why was each chosen? Surely,



CENTRAL CHURCH, BERKELEY STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

FROM A WATER COLOR DRAWING
BY SAMUEL E. GIDEON



ARLINGTON STREET CHURCH
BOSTON, MASS.
FROM A WATER COLOR DRAWING
BY SAMUEL E. GIDEON

Advertising Art



NEW OLD SOUTH CHURCH
BOSTON, MASS.

FROM A WATER
COLOR DRAWING
BY SAMUEL E. GIDEON

in accordance with the same law which impels the scientist in his search for fundamental knowledge to examine every fact presented to him and to try it out experimentally. Once tried the lesson is partly learned. From the stage of investigation and ex-

periment we shall pass on to the stage of conviction regarding what is fundamental and permanent, and no longer take satisfaction in mere novelty or hunger after a foreign style. Meanwhile, Boston may be sincerely proud of her beautiful towers.

THE THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF ADVERTISING ART

THE third annual Exhibition of Advertising Art will be held in the galleries of the National Arts Club, Gramercy Park, New York, commencing October 15 and lasting three weeks.

It is intended to make this exhibition the most complete and representative so far held. The co-operation of advertisers, lithographers, designers and printers is requested in securing really good work—that is, work used for advertising which will pass muster with any competent jury of artists as being successfully and well designed.

The previous exhibitions have been among the most popular held in the galleries of the Arts Club.

AMAGAZINE COVER AND ADVERTISING DESIGNED TOGETHER

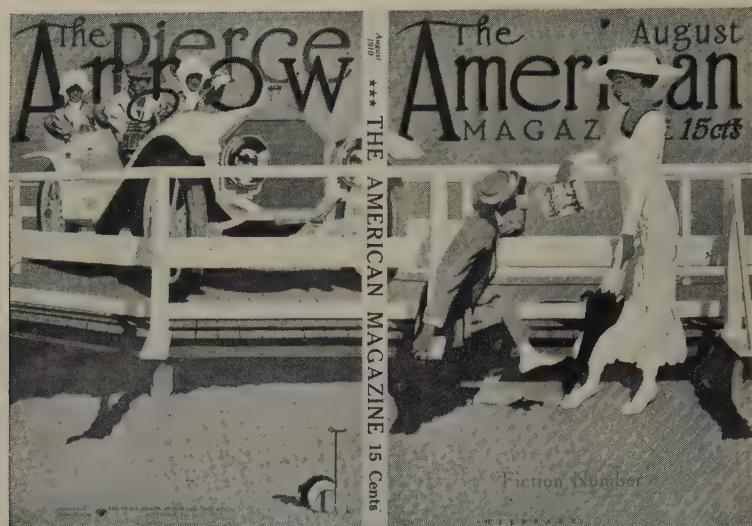
THE front and back covers of the *American Magazine* for August show the working out of an original idea. The rear cover is a continuation of the drawing in front, although each makes a design complete in itself.

The back cover is an advertisement of the Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company. The advertiser co-operated with the *American Magazine* in producing this interesting result. The artist was Robert J. Wildhack. His original drawing was in four pigments—black, gray, red and buff—which, with the white paper, make five colors.

Magazines as well as advertisers are slowly but steadily coming to believe that it is better always to follow the accepted standards of good taste than to go counter to them. The treatment of the outside of a magazine so that the entire cover is one harmonious whole marks a step in this direction and is a distinct advance in cover designing and advertising enterprise.

The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company has shown progressiveness in inventing such a design, and the *American Magazine* a willingness to foster originality in allowing its use. The innovation thus begun might very well be more generally used by magazines in the future.

Blue Shadows in Nature and Art



A NOVEL MAGAZINE COVER BY ROBERT J. WILDHACK

B LUE SHADOWS IN NATURE AND ART—II BY J. W. MORAN

BEFORE the subject of blue shadows existing in bodies, or masses, and certain other phases of their manifestations, alluded to in the end of the previous article, are taken up, something should be said as to the composite creed of a large number of landscape painters in regard to the origin of the blue color, the leading idea of which is that it is due to contrast with the yellow color of the sunlight. In order to reinforce this merely general idea certain traditionally operative color factors are usually conjoined with it—namely, the influence of such contiguous objects as may happen to be yellow, the reflected blue of the sky, and the blue of the air. The kind of contrast alluded to is not, however, that phase of it under the laws of complementary colors by which the color of pigments changes in appearance only, their color identity being preserved, but an unspecific adumbration of the fallacious doctrine of Helmholtz. An adumbration—for the doctrine is not likely to have been studied directly by artists, who, as a rule, have taken instinctively only what they "might require," and whose avocation is, fortunately, in Henley's beautiful phrase, to "touch to ecstasy the act of seeing," rather than to exert the diametrically opposed function of knowing, the *métier* of the scientist. The Helmholtz doctrine is practically this: The blue of a shadow produced by candlelight (red yellow) and daylight, being induced by contrast with the yellow color (that of both lights

blended) of the field on which it is cast, is an *illusion*. This dogma, already refuted by the "observations" in the previous article, had it not, as above indicated, leaked into the art atmosphere, might safely have been, I venture to think, ignored. As to the first auxiliary color factor, the possible contiguity of yellow, it will later be shown that the blue of clouds, against any color band of an afterglow, remains unchanged. The second, did space admit, could be proved by two indubitable tests, made before two landscape painters, to be absolutely inoperative, ex-

cept, of course, in the case of actively reflecting surfaces. But have we not seen that both under an overcast sky, by daylight, and an artificial light, and after dark by the moon and an artificial light, and by two artificial lights—a pure blue shadow was produced? As to the third, did not Tyndall, years ago, demonstrate the air to be colorless?

It is, however, by no means unnatural that artists, on account of exigencies in the use of pigments, should be inclined toward the idea that contrast, if not the chief cause, must play some not inconsiderable part in the origin of the blue color of shadows. For example, snow, a white gown, or other white material, is never represented by white, and has not snow to be simulated by a yellowish white, in order that its brilliance may be rendered and its color be harmonious with the composition? Then must not also the blue of the shadows on snow be grayed?—the low-toned blue balancing up by contrast with this yellowish white to what we assume is nature's blue.

The so-called Helmholtz experiment, devised by Count Rumford in 1793 and adopted by Helmholtz seventy years later, has been the only blue shadow experiment known to science. Yet, strange to say, no writer on color contrast, since Rumford's day, except two, and these incidentally in articles, has ever mentioned nature shadows in connection with the theory derived from it. For example, a version of both experiment and theory will be found under "Contrast" in the late Dr. Ogden Rood's text book, "Color." And yet, when in another connection he

Blue Shadows in Nature and Art



"NEW JERSEY FISHERMEN," BY EMIL HERING, A PAINTER WHO DEPICTS THE LIFE OF THE JERSEY SHORE WITH A SYMPATHY FOR CHARACTERISTIC DETAIL AKIN TO THAT OF THE OLD DUTCH SCHOOLS

alludes to the "sky tints" of a "mountain in shade" he attributes them to a totally different cause than contrast. Again, an experimental psychologist, on being informed of my having investigated nature shadows, sent me through a mutual friend, distinguished in another department of science, the advice "to leave out the bewildering maze with which nature surrounds everything."

As to the Helmholtz doctrine, it may be of some benefit to artists, art students, and lay lovers of art and nature as well, to have it and the experiment investigated. After becoming familiar with the latter, and happening to place the field horizontally, instead of vertically according to Helmholtz and others, to my surprise not only the blue and yellow-orange shadows were produced, but a purple one as well. This color was gladly welcome because it would, I judged, become the means not only of confuting the Helmholtz doctrine, but of demonstrating the validity of my own observations. A white paper was laid on a table placed to the right of a window fitted with an opaque neutral-colored

blind half pulled down, the sky overcast and the daylight soft, the time selected being just before twilight. Next the wall was placed a movable gas jet half turned down, the flame edge-on for definition, and fifteen inches away a 4-inch (to secure broad shadows) by 6-inch cylinder A (Fig. 1). The blind was gradually lowered until enough daylight and no more was excluded, to admit of the gas flame shadow, B, assuming its normal purple. The daylight was now gradually increased by slowly raising the blind, until the portion C, Fig. 2, of the shadow passed by gradations to full blue, as in the case of the Edison and advancing daylight mentioned in my former article; the other portion, the triangular space B, Fig. 2, retaining its objective purple, and both being parts of one shadow, it follows that the blue of C is also objective. On the right of this triangle appeared the yellow-orange, quasi-shadow D, its color mechanically

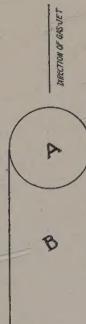
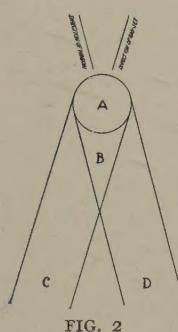


FIG. 1

Blue Shadows in Nature and Art



that of the gas flame shining onto it. The gas flame was now turned fully up: the blue remained unchanged, though increased in luminosity; the yellow orange became pale yellow; and the supposititious—because never tested by Helmholtz—yellow of the field, essential, as inducer of the blue to the validity of his experiment and theory, vanished from the scene.

The reader will now be enabled, it is thought, more readily to understand how it comes to pass that a flat blue shadow may be only a part—or, in other words, the base—of a body of blue shadow which is invisible. The flat shadow of a telegraph pole, if thrown across a red-brick street, a cement sidewalk, and a grass lawn, will have three colors: the first purple—the blue mixing with the red to form it; the second being on neutral gray, blue; the third, green—facts which, by the way, of themselves contradict the Helmholtz doctrine of contrast. Filling the whole rectangular space, of which an imaginary line from the pole top to the end of the shadow is the outer boundary, is one mass of blue shadow. If a white or a yellow paper be passed through any part of this space the first will be blue, the latter green, the objective blue mixing with the yellow coloring matter to form it. The blue shadow below a white cloud has no base or flat; nor the blue shadows of glacier crevasses, nor those in the shadow cavities of trees or bushes, although, like blue shadows on grass, they appear to be dark green, the test of blue being either card, as above. Nor does nature deal in complementary colors in her skies, following, though she does, in these the colors of the spectrum, adding purple, thus connecting violet with the red. Complementaries she leaves to her "druid" intermediaries, the landscape painters, working as she does with light, and they with material pigments—redeemed and sublimated by the genius of make-believe, though these are. Her laws of light are all direct, immutable, and so, when read aright, they never bewilder, although it may happen that the sonorous splendor of a sunset, through swift and successive changes, may prove "a bewildering maze," and vanish like a yesterday's dream, unless "the process" of its colors be intelligently observed. This absence of complementaries, and that contrast with adjacent color does not influence the blue of a shadow, can be well observed in valleys of high altitude, as in Montana, for example. In these a

blue, and a purple shadow, each covering many acres of some immense dark-green alfalfa field, may be seen closely touching (as in the experiment), the cause of the colors respectively being a high, still, white cloud, and one far enough down to exclude that proportion of daylight needed to make both blue. Among the bounding hills may also be seen ensconced between two purple hills a blue one, the colors being due to the same cause. Again, when a long line of houses and buildings in deep purple shadow screens from view multitudinous railroad tracks behind which is a brilliant, cloudless afterglow, against it, ever-changing, ever-graceful forms of exhaust steam from passing and repassing yard engines will be seen to soar in clouds of luminous and lovely blue. And no matter what the color be of the band of sky they soar against—be it red, red orange, orange, yellow, yellowish green, or gray blue—their blue remains unchanged.

One of the highest pleasures of a sojourn among the valleys of the Rocky Mountains and their foot-hills—a daily, hourly experience—is to see every precipitous rock bluff, or jutting crag, or peak cast bodies of living blue shadow into the ravines or clefts beside them, or into the merest hollows of their faces. And oftentimes when the atmosphere is absolutely dry, and the almost coruscating, "audible air" seems filled with tremulous light, from below upward will seem to leap, palpitating, jubilant flames of lambent blue. Do we ever think of these shadows but as separate, individual, almost sentient color entities? Does it ever occur to us to associate their living beauty with the bases of the shadows we tread on daily in our streets? Do we not rather think of them as baseless fabrics, ethereal visions, exhilarating, elevating, purifying in the absolute spirituality of their color? Nor can one ever forget the far away dreams of shimmering white and blue that come, stilling the mind to silent homage, from the snowclad summits and snowlaced slopes of some great Sierra, or great solitary mountain peak—apart, eternal, as they are, in their removed and lonely grandeur?

And yet another phase of emotion-compelling grandeur and beauty is the ominous but resplendent blue of the great, mysterious cloud curtain, which at intervals may be seen to stretch from earth to sky, before a rain or thunder storm. And yet all this elemental expanse of arresting, commanding blue is but a shadow's blue after all, owing its origin to the same law of light as that of the smallest leaf or blade of grass, or of the blue butterfly-like shadow leaves of saplings that dance and flutter on our sidewalks on any breezy, bright, blue-shadow day.



"TÊTE DE CHEVAL ANDALOU." FROM THE
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(In the Collection of
M. Yves Guyot.)